Saturday Review

DECEMBER 3, 1955 / 20¢

CHRISTMAS BOOK ISSUE

MUSIC ON THE MISSISSIPPI

By Ben Lucien Burman

LOCK THAT REJECTION SLIP!

By Ross Parmenter

umer Godden, author of
An Episode of Sparrows." (Page 26)

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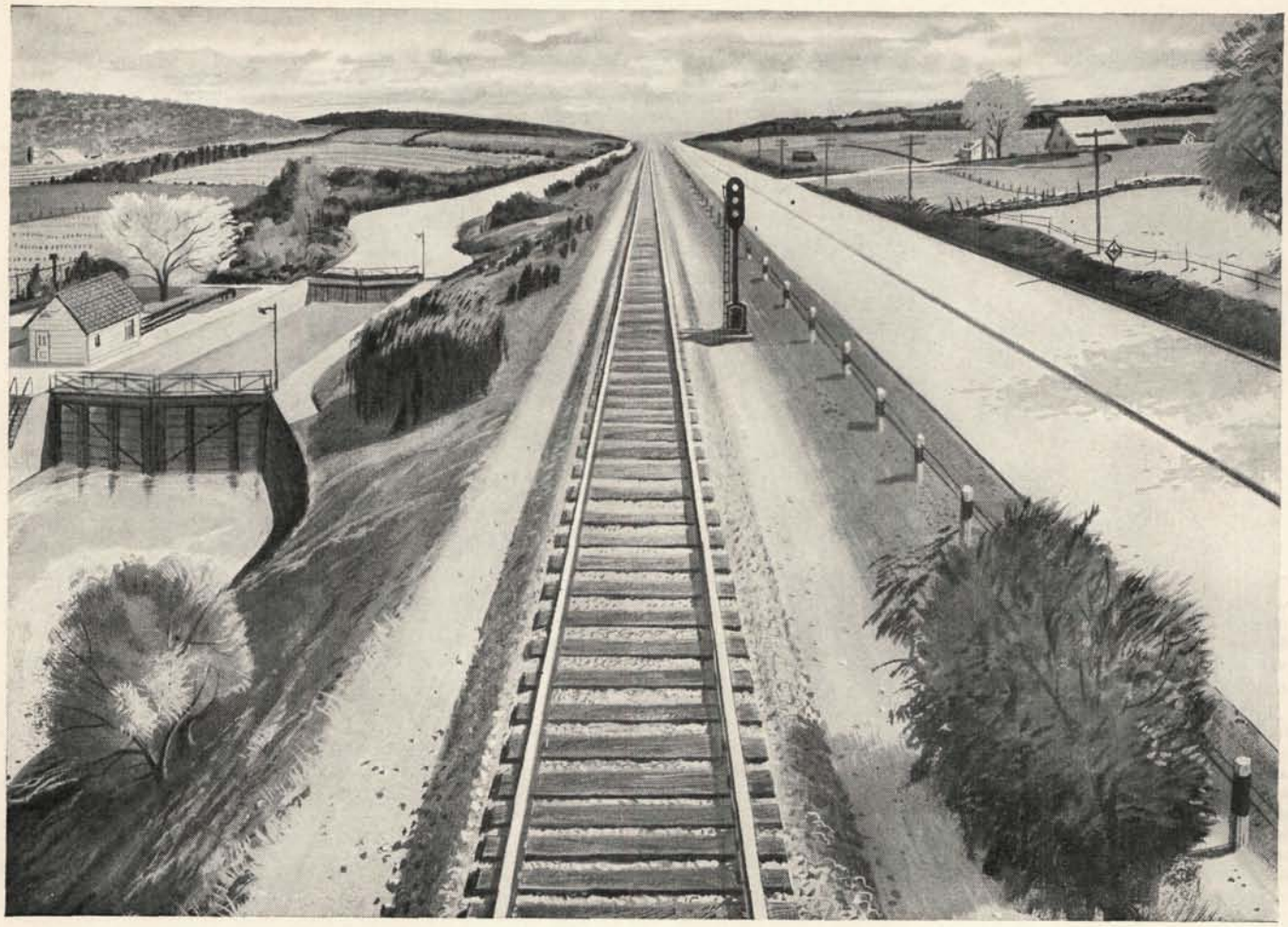

How competitive pricing in transportation would help you

In most American businesses, the benefits of greater efficiency can be passed on promptly to the public. In the transportation business, however, this is not always the case.

Consider what has happened on the railroads:

In the last 30 years the speed of the average freight train has gone up more than 50 per cent; the load has nearly doubled and the hourly output of transportation has increased nearly three times.

To make possible these and other gains in efficiency, the railroads have spent, since the end of World War II, nearly $11,000,000,000 – every dollar of which was financed by the railroads themselves.

But – as is shown in the report of a special Cabinet Committee appointed by the President – government regulation frequently denies to the public the benefit of the lower costs of the most economical form of transportation, so as to protect the traffic and revenues of carriers with higher costs. The result, as the Cabinet Committee says, is that shippers and, ultimately, the consuming public must pay more for freight transportation than would otherwise be necessary.

What can be done to correct this unhealthy situation?

The special Cabinet Committee recommended that railroads and other forms of regulated transportation be given greater freedom to base their prices on their own natural advantages. At the same time, government regulation would continue to prevent charges which are unreasonably high or unreasonably low, or are unduly discriminatory.

This would make it possible to pass on the benefits of the most efficient operations to shippers, producers and retailers, and to the consuming public which in the end pays all transportation costs.

Bills based on Cabinet Committee recommendations have been introduced in Congress. For full information about this vital subject, write for the booklet, "WHY NOT LET COMPETITION WORK?"

Association of American Railroads

946 Transportation Building • Washington 6, D. C.

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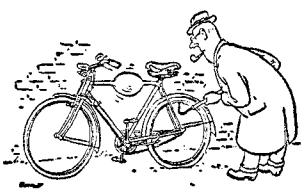

ONCE A WEEK, for the next year, you (or some other folks you're especially fond of) can spend a delightful evening 3000 miles away from home.

Through the magic of PUNCH, Britain's No. 1 humor magazine since 1841, your own familiar (perhaps *too* familiar) world will fade out—and you will find yourself in the world of your sophisticated British counterpart. You will mingle with Britain's keenest contemporary wits and critics, in a weekly carnival of the mind where nothing is very sacred and dazzling intellectual fireworks are taken for granted.

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Mr. Punch Always Rises to the Occasion

No matter what happens around him, Mr. Punch always rises to the occasion . . . and beats it merrily with his stick.

During the recent London newspaper strike, for example, Punch provided a solemn London Times editorial suitable for all occasions . . . a daily newspaper as it might have been sent through channels by a military officer . . . a racing summary by "Hippicratic," who triumphantly announced that (although he couldn't prove it) he had actually picked *all* the winners of recent days.

And when it was suggested at a British Dental Conference that the shortage of dentists could be relieved by glamorizing the profession (as A. J. Cronin and Hollywood have done for doctors) Punch obliged with a devastating script entitled, "Stars Look Down in the Mouth."

More Than a Humor Magazine

Of course, Punch is much more than a humor magazine. The pungent editorials by its new editor, Malcolm Muggeridge, have been widely quoted in America — by *Life, Time,* and many others. And the signatures in his new Punch read like a Who's Who of modern English letters: Robert Graves . . . P. G. Wodehouse . . . Evelyn Waugh . . . Anthony Powell . . . Randolph Churchill . . . A. P. Herbert. Punch's columns of review and criticism give you fascinating insights into current British (and often *American*) plays . . . movies . . . television . . . books . . . politics.

A Special Christmas Offer

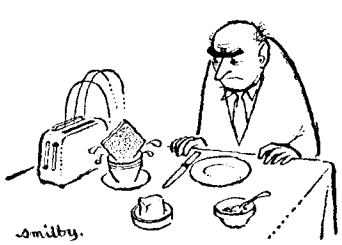
You might expect it to be terribly expensive to receive from overseas a whole year of Punch — PLUS an extra bonus, the big Winter Almanack crammed with special features and full-color illustrations. But special arrangements have been made to send all 53 issues of Punch for only $5.25 — less than 10¢ a week, including overseas postage!

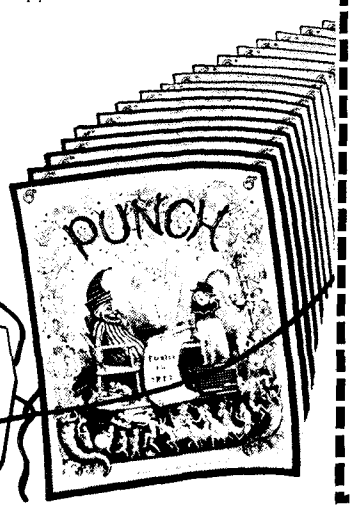
"I'm SX32IV of the First Unmanned Test Rocket, sir, and I've found a local variety of banana that's wonderfully stimulating to the intelligence."

In fact, in a burst of Christmas spirit, the publishers have decided to go even further: only $4.00 for each *additional* subscription over your first one. Can you imagine a less expensive way to delight and flatter your most particular friends and relatives? Each person on your gift subscription list will get an attractive Christmas card in your name telling of your present.

This special offer can be made only once a year, however. So better clip and mail the coupon below right away, before it's too late.

P.S. Even the ADS in Punch are a treat!





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WILL ECONOMIC GROWTH CONTINUE?

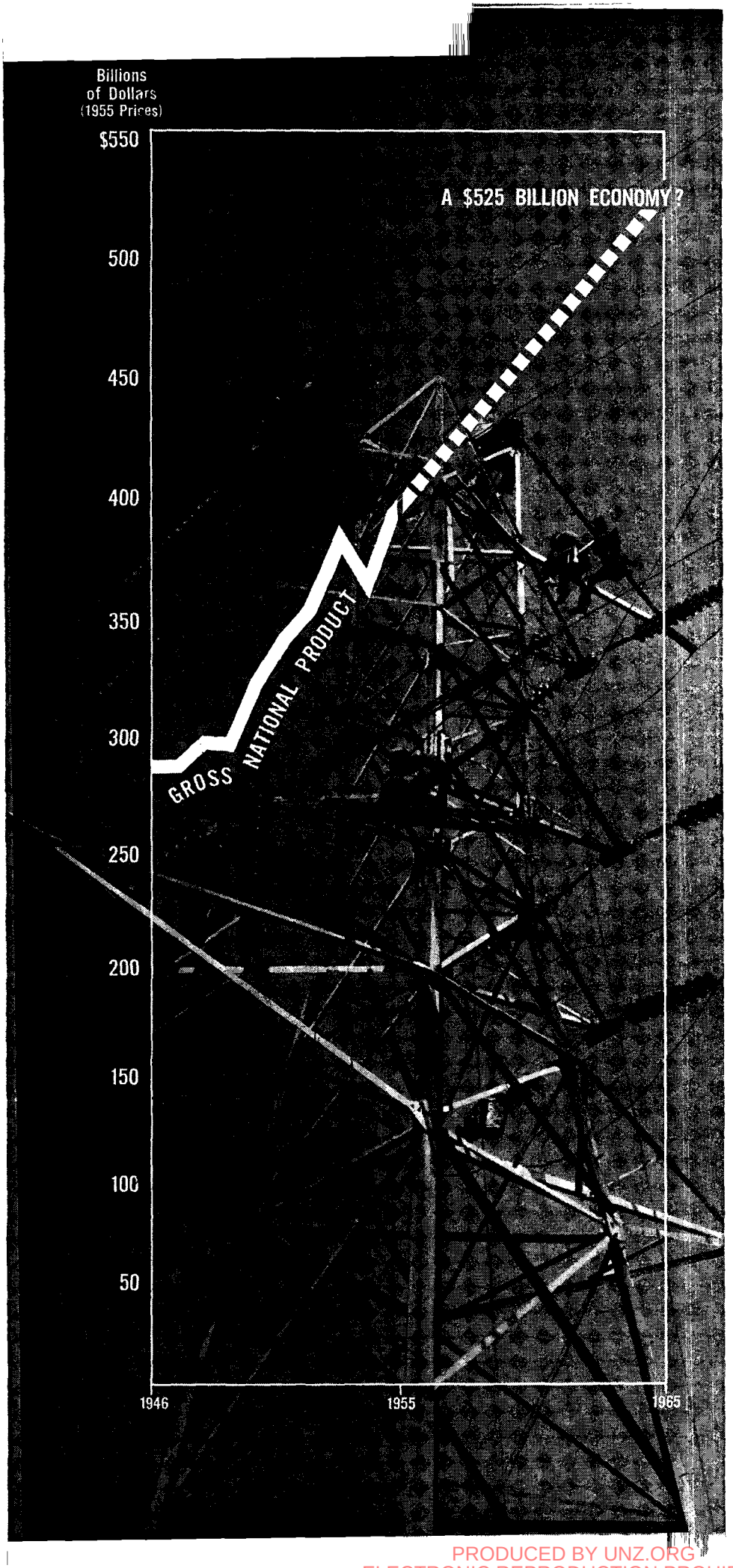
General Electric

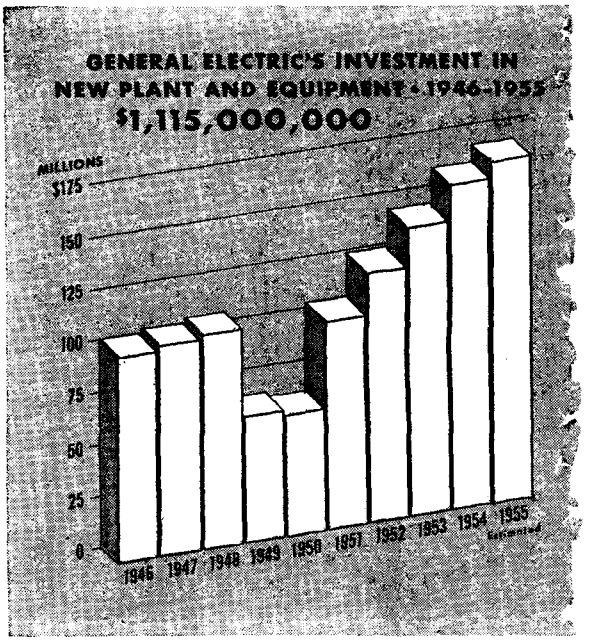
Since 1946 General Electric has invested more than a billion dollars in new plants and equipment to prepare for America's future growth—double that spent in all our previous history

By 1965, there will be 192 million Americans—27 million more than there are today. Forecasts indicate they will demand 40% more goods and services than the country will produce in 1955, and we expect them to want twice as many electrical products.

These prospects are encouraging for the nation, but they are challenging, too: there is nothing automatic about prosperity. The $525 billion economy possible in 1965 will be reached only if there continues to be bold, long-range planning and preparation. In our opinion, American businesses, large and small, have the judgment and initiative needed to meet the challenge.

General Electric, for example, has invested more than $1 billion in plants and equipment since World War II—$165 million in 1955 alone. On these pages are some of the steps we are taking to help provide the products, the jobs, and the standard of living hoped for in the next few years.





If you would like us to reserve a copy of our 1955 Annual Report, with an account of our preparation for the future, write to General Electric, Dept. T2-119, Schenectady, N. Y. Your copy will be sent to you early in 1956.

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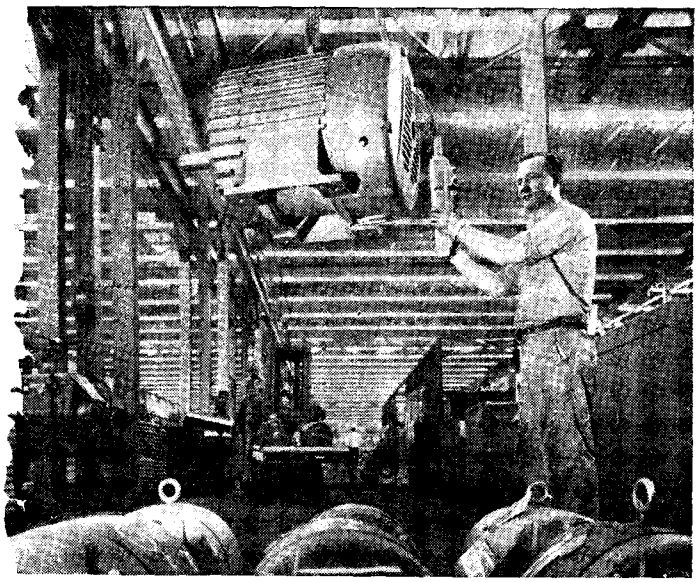
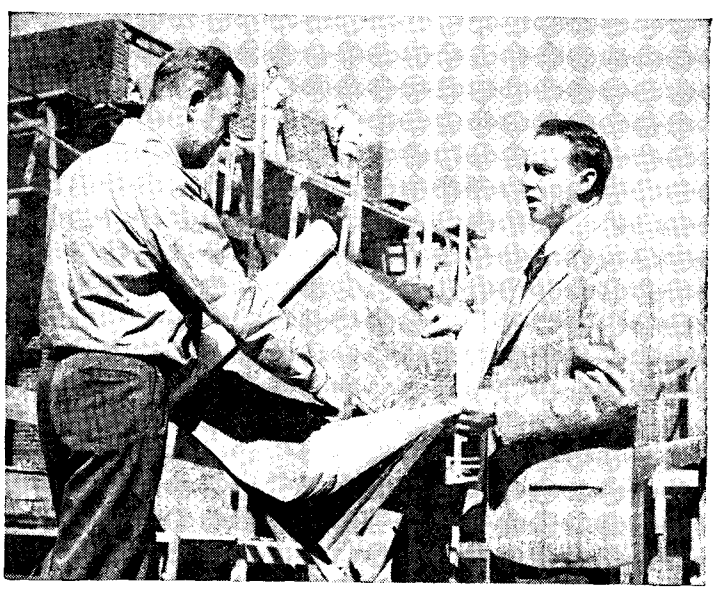
‹as a billion-dollar belief in U.S. progress



der plants have been improved. In locations where General 'lectric has had plants for many years—such as Lynn and Pittsfield, ass.; Erie, Pa.; and Fort Wayne, Ind.—we have a continuing pro-ram of plant improvement. In Schenectady, N. Y., for example, we ..ve completely modernized a 4-acre electric motor factory (above) part of an $80 million improvement plan for our plants in that city.

43 new plants have been added by General Electric since 1946, so that we now have manufacturing facilities in 105 cities in 28 states. This investment has resulted in new jobs and new payrolls to dozens of communities. In Anniston, Alabama, for instance, General Electric's new television-tube plant (above) created 2,000 jobs and brought to Anniston its first major industrial payroll since 1947.

'2 new laboratories have been opened. In today's technological ge, research creates new products and jobs. 70,000 General Electric mployees today are working on products we didn't make 15 years ago. One recent example: Man-made diamonds, produced by a ,000-ton press in our Research Laboratory (above), will mean ıture jobs at General Electric's Carboloy Department in Detroit.



Manpower development programs have expanded. Each year, more than 25,000 employees take advantage of Company-conducted training programs. The most recent step taken to assure men of leadership is General Electric's Management Research and Development Institute. (Above, right, Marc A. de Ferranti of G.E.'s Manager Development Consulting Service reviews construction progress.)

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large

There is one book which I am recommending above all others for Christmas this year. It is "Cartoon Treasury," edited by Lucy Black Johnson and Pyke Johnson, Jr.

This is the biggest and funniest collection of international pictorial wit ever published. It contains more than 1500 funny drawings by 240 artists from 20 different countries, including many favorites from the United States.

It is the perfect present for anyone with a sense of humor, although you'd better warn the recipient to take it in small doses. It's too rich and too varied a fare for one sitting. The best way is to do what a man in Denver has done: make it your bedtime reading and laugh yourself to sleep.

It is only fair to confess that the editors of this book are close friends of mine (how close you will learn if you look at its jacket). But even if they weren't, I'm sure this would still be the Christmas gift book I would recommend above all others this year.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Cartoon Treasury" ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Mail orders for "Cartoon Treasury" or any other book reviewed or advertised in this issue will be filled. Send check or money order to Doubleday Book Shops, Mail Order Dept., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22. Outside New York City, please add 25¢ handling charge.

The Saturday Review

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Dutton Books for Christmas

THE AMERICAN WEST
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By *LUCIUS BEEBE* and *CHARLES CLEGG*. The most beautiful and exciting gift book of the year! Over 1000 magnificent illustrations capture the pageantry and color of the Old West. "An irresistible compilation."
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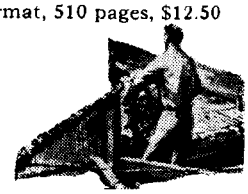
THE GODS WERE KIND



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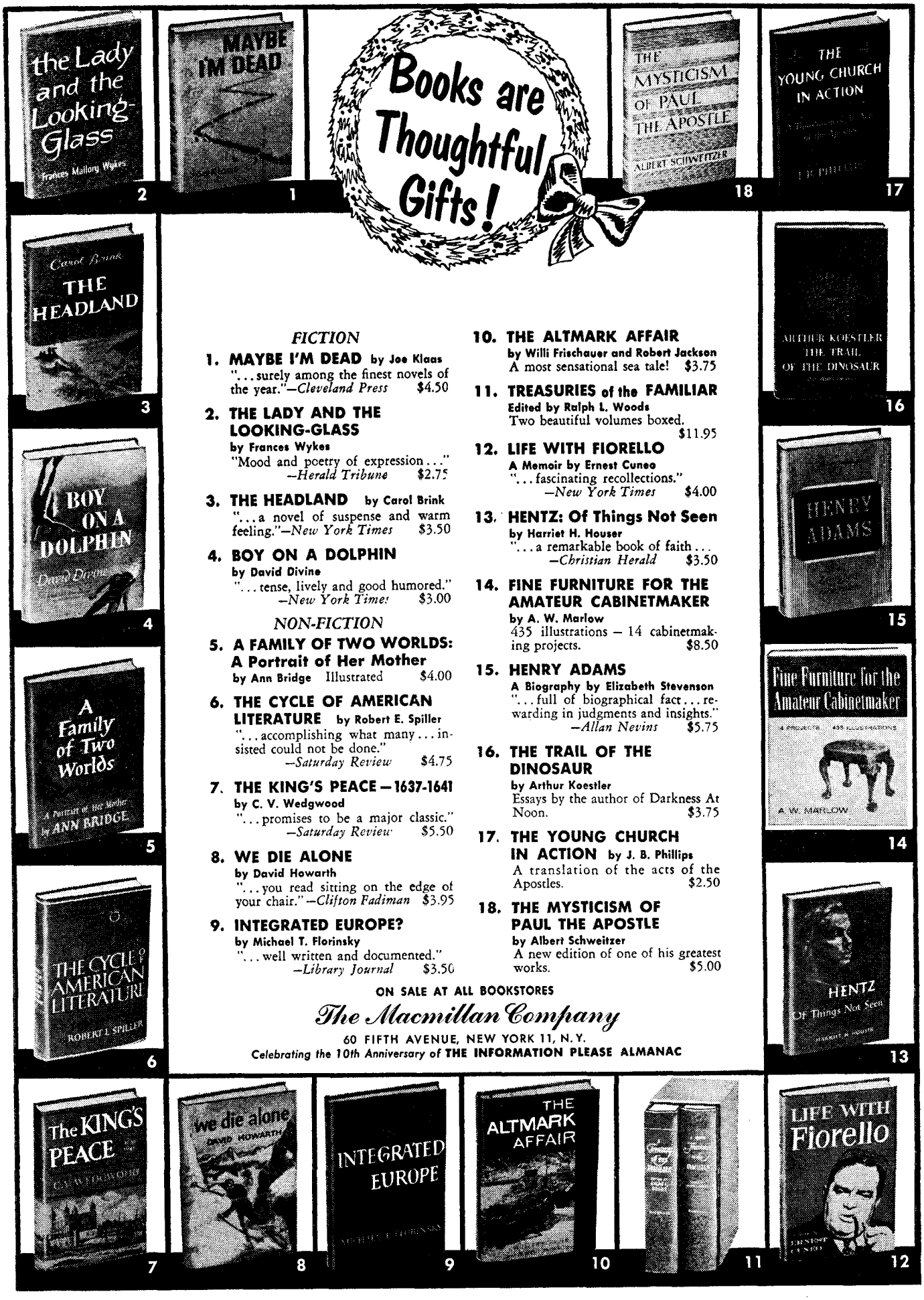

FICTION

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NON-FICTION

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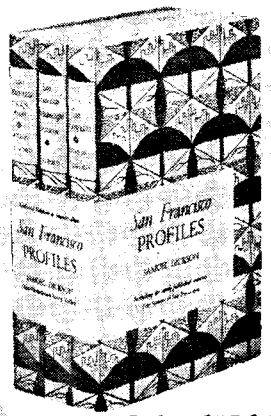

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Stanford, California

TRADE Winds

A WONDERFUL PIECE of Americana, written with gusto and great good humor, is Henry Sell and Victor Weybright's "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West" (Oxford, $6.95). "God is my propertyman," said Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) when he first took his Wild West Show on the road. Were he alive today he'd be the first to admit that Sell and Weybright would have been valuable fellows to have aboard, too!

Henry Blackman Sell, who is now the editor of *Town and Country*, burst upon the literary scene in Chicago, when rowdy young hedonists like Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur, Pat Covici, and J. P. McEvoy were cutting their first didos. Sell wangled a job as literary critic of the puissant *Chicago Daily News*, and made its Wednesday book page famous the country over. "Esoteric articles about Proust, Huysmans, Sandburg, and Gide," recalls Ben Hecht, "appeared side by side with fierce attacks on all the books *Chicago News* readers loved best. But the section sold books and excited talk—and the business office loved it, because there never has been or ever will be again a man like Henry Sell to talk New York publishers into placing bigger ads than they possibly could afford."

Sell eventually bequeathed his page to Harry Hansen, and came East to conquer New York. Decked out in his society best, he made Lucius Beebe look like a Bowery bum. Soon he was

a big wheel at the Butterick Publishing Company, and it was there that he gave a job to a young hopeful named Victor Weybright. Vic stuck close to his witting, rose to associated editorship of Butterick's *Delineator* and *Adventure* magazines, and did a commendable biography of Francis Scott Key on the side. Today he's editor-in-chief at New American Library—one of the most discerning and fastest-moving titans in the whole field of paperbacks.

SELL IS RELATED to Buffalo Bill—on both sides of his family tree. Vic even insists Henry looks like the great scout—especially when he's shooting buffalo. To bear out his contention he points to the book's frontispiece: a beautiful reproduction, in color, of the famous Rosa Bonheur painting.

The collaborators worked smoothly together. For instance, when Sell wanted to include a story about Edward VII asking Cody, "Why don't you call your Western horses bron-

chitis instead of bronchos? They're a little hoarse, aren't they?" Weybright answered firmly, "No, we'll give that one to Bennett Cerf for TRADE WINDS."

Omitted, too, perhaps unfortunately, was Mark Twain's anecdote about a day when he was strolling in Central Park. A little girl pattered up to him and asked if she might walk with him. Highly flattered, Twain told her stories for an hour, then gave her a nickel and said, "Run along home now—and when you grow up you can boast to your friends that you once walked with Mark Twain." "Mark Twain!" echoed the little girl, bursting into tears, "I thought you were Buffalo Bill."

The chapters devoted to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, in which he co-starred with Bill Hickok and Annie Oakley, are a highlight of the Sell-Weybright book. Somebody should send a copy to Ethel Merman in Denver. It might persuade her to come out of "retirement" and revive her greatest hit, "Annie Get Your Gun."

AS A STAFF MEMBER OF McGraw Hill's *Business Week*, Leonard Silk gets to meet any number of high-powered Madison Avenue statisticians. When he turns to the unlikely subject of romance it is only logical, I guess, that his lingo reflect the influence to which he has been exposed. He calls his playlet:

Love in the Boom

He: Darling, the gross national product is still climbing and we are

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Random House holiday check list

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Heritage

A novel by **ANTHONY WEST.** A boy's extraordinary education in life and love from his world-famous, unmarried parents. $3.75

Band of Angels

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S novel of a lovely Kentucky belle sold into slavery in New Orleans. "The fiction triumph of 1955."—*Chicago Tribune.* $3.95

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By **BUDD SCHULBERG,** author of *What Makes Sammy Run?* and *The Disenchanted.* The story of New York's waterfront that the movie couldn't tell! $3.95

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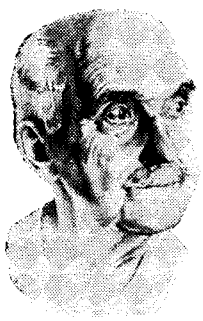

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approaching the cyclical peak of the family-formation curve.

She: So what?

He: Well, I thought possibly we, too, ought to constitute a household unit.

She: And what'll we use for personal disposable income?

He: Well, I have been thinking of entering the labor force, because automation will probably create more jobs than it destroys.

She: That may be, but I must warn you that I have an awful marginal propensity to consume.

He: Angel! Another thing we hold in common! But my annual increases in productivity are bound to keep the rate of growth of our consumption sustainable. . . .

She: . . . and reduce inflationary pressures, other conditions remaining the same.

He: Yes, you do see. There really are no significant disincentives.

She: But are you sure I'm the one?

He: Well, I've tried a random sample and you were modal.

She: Sweet. . . .

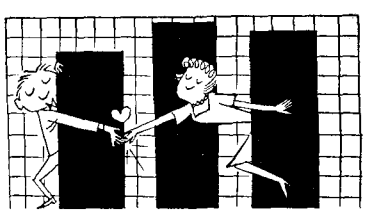
He: You're all the future I ever extrapolated for. Say you will!

She: But I never made a long-run projection.

He: We could have the dearest little dwelling-unit.

She: I don't know. . . . Do you think we should form a farm or a nonfarm household?

He: Nonfarm, definitely. At the same time I believe in outmigration from the high-density urban area.



She: So do I. I have my heart set on a single-family dwelling in a one-class neighborhood.

He: What sort of fertility pattern do you think we should have?

She: Well, as you know, I've always thought of myself as an average sort of girl. I'd like 1.87 children—if I said yes, of course.

He: Then say it!

She: The Federal Reserve index of production has topped 140, at that.

He: And it would make the Census Bureau so happy!

She: Well, I probably will.

They embrace, as curtain descends at rate of ten feet per second.

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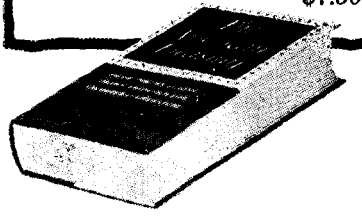

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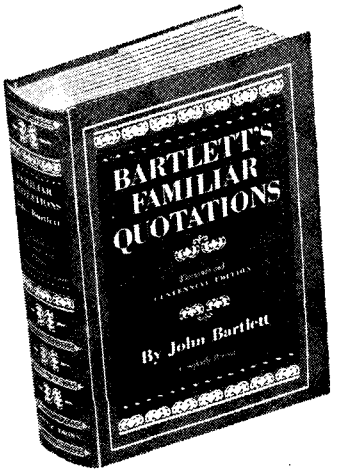

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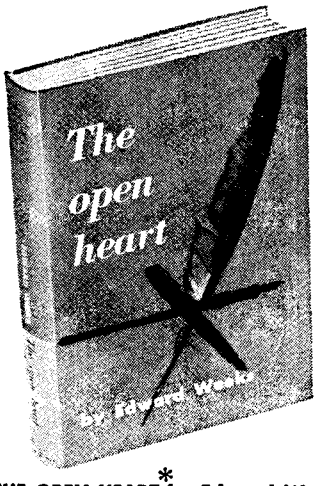

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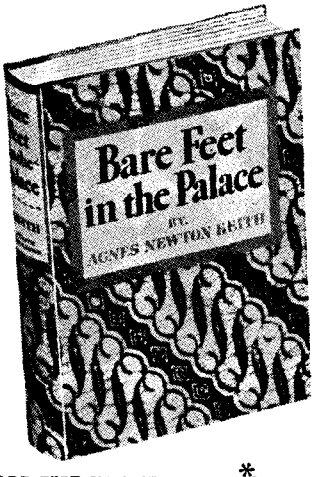

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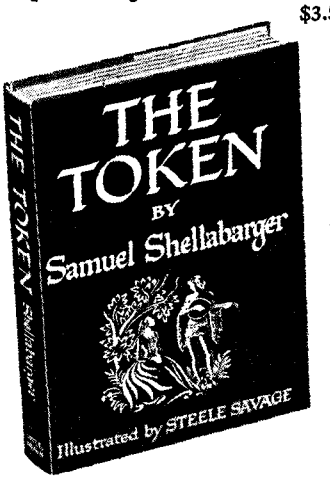

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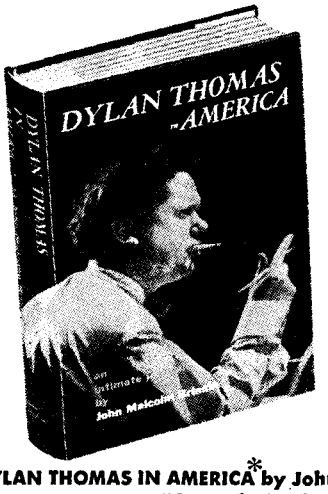

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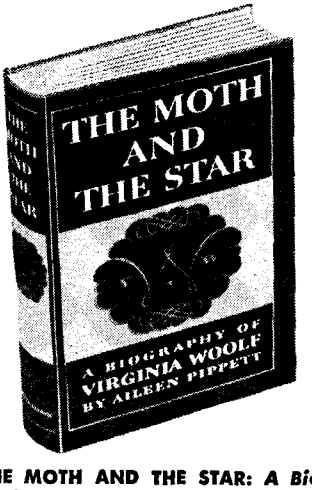

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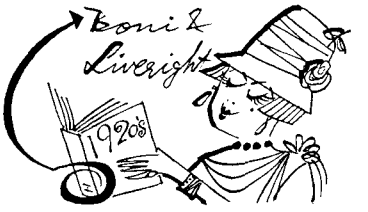
Liveright, keep bobbing up with their memoirs. Latest is Ted Weeks, witty and urbane editor of the *Atlantic* ("The Open Heart"; Little Brown). The Liveright office was in a continuous state of chaos, with bootleggers outnumbering authors in the waiting



room but, as Ted recalls, three of the country's twelve best sellers in 1923, the year he joined up, bore the Liveright imprint: "The Story of Mankind," "Black Oxen," and "Flaming Youth"—not to mention such heady fare as Eliot's "The Wasteland," Lewisohn's "Upstream," and "The Emperor Jones," by a young fellow named O'Neill. . . . Another lively, star-studded autobiography is Frank Scully's "Cross My Heart" (Greenberg). Scully was a member of the fabulous class of 1917 at the Columbia School of Journalism, then conquered grievous bodily ills to become one of the top newshawks in the country, author of the best-selling "Fun in Bed," and a popular columnist for *Variety*. . . . Charlie Preston has collected another batch of very funny cartoons from *The Wall Street Journal* for "The Coffee Break" (Dutton). I particularly like the one picturing the switchboard operator at Jones, Jones, Jones, and Jones. "Which one please?" she is inquiring sweetly over the phone, "Curly, Butch, Shorty, or Pinhead?" Another depicts two Senators outside the Capitol, with one admitting, "I'd hate to have to go out and make a living under those laws we just passed!" A third has a doctor telling a lady earnestly, "You've got to take it easier, Mrs. Beedle. Stop driving your husband so hard!"

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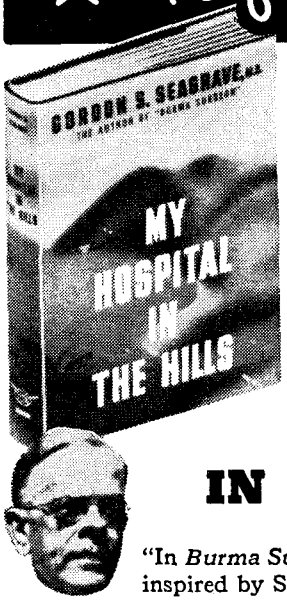

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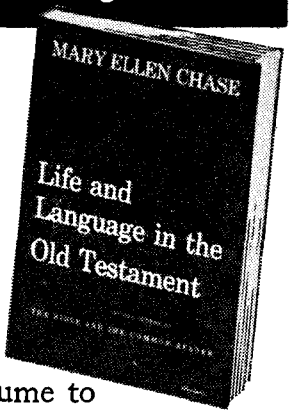

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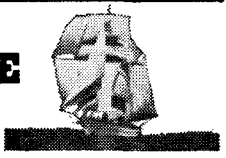

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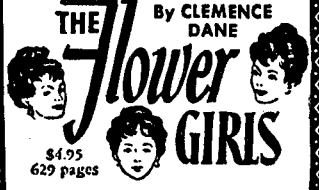

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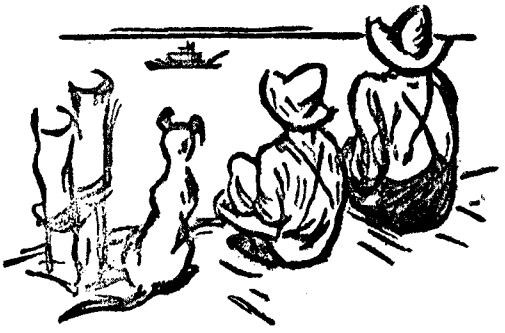
The Saturday Review
DECEMBER 3, 1955

MUSIC ON THE MISSISSIPPI



The "Father of Waters" has had many literary chroniclers—from DeSoto to the Mike Fink storyteller to Mark Twain, Longfellow, and Faulkner—but few living writers have done more to give Americans a picture of the specialness and community of the great Mississippi than Ben Lucien Burman, whose latest book, "Seven Stars for Catfish Bend" (to be published this spring by Funk and Wagnalls), is a sequel to "High Water at Catfish Bend," chosen by the New York Public Library as their favorite American juvenile of 1954.

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

I THINK I was born with ballad music in my ears. And all during my childhood ballad singers from the mountains were a common sight on the streets of my home town of Covington, in Kentucky. Stopping before a busy cafe, they would strum a few chords on a battered guitar and drone out their doleful tale, the lament of a misguided youth who had killed his love and was now awaiting death in a bleak Kentucky jail. Occasionally some passerby would listen and give the singer a penny. But these more generous individuals were few, and I am sure the singers often went hungry.

America wasn't ballad-conscious in those days. As a boy I listened now and then, but I wish I'd had the sense to listen oftener. I'd have saved myself a lot of time and money. Afterward I traveled hundreds of miles and spent many months trying to find what in those days was directly before my door. Songs like "Clean Train," that the worshipers in some tiny church still sing reverently throughout the South today:

This train's a clean train,
Come on and ride.
This train's the Lord's train,
Come on and hide.

Ain't no tobacco smokers
or ain't no gamblers,
Ain't no drunkards or midnight
ramblers.
This train's the Lord's train.
Come on inside.

I grew a little older, and heard how an Englishman had traveled through the Highlands of Scotland, writing down the songs the people sang in the cottages far up the misty valleys. In 1921 I decided I would go on a similar expedition to the folk who lived in the remote cabins of my own Kentucky hills. I had been somewhat involved with a high explosive shell at Soissons, France, in the First World War a few years earlier, and as a consequence riding horseback was something of a problem. But I was young and I could tinkle "Peer Gynt" and "Old Black Joe" on a mandolin; I hired a mare at the little mountain town of Pineville and started gaily up the rocky trails of the Cumberlands. I took the mandolin chiefly, I think, as a symbol, a sort of peace-pipe to smoke before any moonshiners I might encounter. Revenue officers, I knew, did not usually carry musical instruments. I was sure that the playing of "Kentucky Home" would always be more welcome than a shot from a revenuer's rifle.

The trip was as fruitful as I expected. Each day I would seek out some bearded musician on a lonely farm, and listen while he played an

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old song whose beginnings no mountaineer knew.

You can't never believe
What a young man tells you,
Unless he's on the gallows
And wishing he was down.

I surrendered my horse after some months of pleasant exploration and, leaving the hills, began wandering far down the river valleys toward New Orleans, riding the packetboats and listening to the singing of the Negro roustabouts as they carried their loads up the muddy levees.

I remember one of the most poignant songs I came on in those days, a melody sung to me by a poor, crazy Negro one hot afternoon when the *Tennessee Belle* stopped to take on some cattle waiting at the Natchez wharf. It was called "Eagle Nest," and long after, when I was writing "Steamboat Round the Bend," I decided it would be perfect to set the mood for a melancholy scene in the story. I eliminated the flat and limping language generally found in the untouched version of folk verses, and putting the song in the mouth of a Negro baggage-handler at a railroad station made it an integral part of the novel. I tried many times but I could never hear the song again:

Eagle build his nest so high,
Cannot hear his young ones cry,
Dark and Cloudy.
He can hardly see the day,
Please, O Lord, then show me the way,
Dark and Cloudy.
I'm trying to go where my young ones is,
And my home is hard to find.

Even when I would walk ashore there was always some song, some rhythmic beat as the Negroes labored in the fields of cotton to make the work go faster. I happened to be standing one day near a group of black men pulling a willow mat hundreds of feet long over a levee to protect it from the attacks of the river. They were chanting:

Shake, Mattie
Lawd, Lawd.
Quake, Mattie
Lawd, Lawd.
Step it, fetch it
Lawd, Lawd.
Shake it, break it
Lawd, Lawd.

I CONTINUED to travel on the packet-boats, taking my hand at steering now and then as cub pilot, so that I could know from actual experience the unpredictability and the power of the river. I bought the roustabouts candy and tobacco. I cast a few beneficent spells to cure them of fancied illnesses—I knew a bit of witch-doctor technique from a considerable stay in Africa. Once at his own request I even cured a roustabout of gambling. And wherever I went I kept my eyes ready to see and my ears wide open to hear. I am certainly not numbered among those who believe that the period before our time was an era of perfection, "the good old days" without a flaw; there was too much that was uncomfortable and ignorant and cruel. But there can be no doubt that with the passing of the paddlewheel steamboat we have suffered an artistic loss in our lives as grievous as the loss of the sailing ship was to the life of the sea. To sit on the bow of a packet on a moonlight night, listening to the black roustabouts pouring out the pent-up sorrows of their race in song, was an experience which even the dullest and the most hardened could never forget.

These roustabout songs went on endlessly, and I used them often in my stories, to capture some subtle quality that I could accomplish in no other way.

Nigger he ain't got no home
Makes his living from his shoulder bone.
Break a line, buy another.
Nigger die, hire his brother.

But sometimes the songs had a definite gaiety, like those that I inserted now and then in the pages of "Children of Noah" and "Big River to Cross."

Buy me a pistol
Shoot from town to town.
Going to shoot you, baby.
Jar your grandma, down.

Captain, captain is your money come?
I jes wants to know, 'cause I wants to borrow some.

To me a novel is closely related to music. I plan all my novels like a symphony. As a matter of fact this bond between music and literature is a fundamental human conception. The storyteller in Africa often narrates his tales to the accompaniment of a tiny orchestra made up of a flute and a drum. I became so attached to the idea of using an old river song to express the theme of a story that when I couldn't find one to fit "Blow for a Landing," a novel about the shanty-boat people on the Mississippi, I decided to write one in the exact manner of an old Mississippi ballad. The result was a little composition, "Shantyman's Daughter." It rather pleased me, after the book's publication, that some of the experts thought it was a ballad going back several hundred years. Actually I wrote it in 1938:

I took to the water when I was too young,
Drifting O drifting all down the brown water.
Don't tell my old mother I'm jailed to be hung,
Because I have loved a shanty-man's daughter,
Loved, O loved the shantyman's daughter.

I needed another song for a tragic mood in the same novel, and again none existed. So with a slight change I borrowed the opening line of a re-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Christmas Day Is Come

Christmas Day is come; let's all prepare for mirth,
Which fills the heav'ns and earth at this amazing birth.
Through both the joyous angels in strife and hurry fly,
With glory and hosannas; "All Holy" do they cry,
In heaven the Church triumphant adores with all her choirs,
The militant on earth with humble faith admires.

But why should we rejoice? Should we not rather mourn
To see the Hope of Nations thus in a stable born?
Where are His crown and scepter, where is His throne sublime,
Where is His train majestic that should the stars outshine?
Is there not sumptuous palace nor any inn at all
To lodge His heav'nly mother but in a filthy stall?

The words of this old Irish carol are possibly by the sixteenth-century bishop Luke Wadding, sung to a tune many hundreds of years older than that (from "A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols," Houghton Mifflin, $4.95).

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BLOCK THAT REJECTION SLIP!

By ROSS PARMENTER

WRITERS, understandably, don't like to advertise their letters of rejection. Thus, the general public does not know very much about the sort of letters that publishers write to authors when they are turning books down. But I am fortunate enough to have a confiding friend. He has shown me his letters of rejection. I have found so many of them so unperceptive, confidence-shattering, and poorly written that I have come to the conclusion that this particular epistolary genre has sunk to a low estate.

Since writers are of some usefulness to our culture and are faced with enough discouragements as it is I would like, if possible, to do something to improve rejection writing. Thinking over how I could be most constructive, I finally came to the conclusion that perhaps it would be best to start the campaign in the form of an open letter to a young editor, giving him or her a few "dos" and "don'ts" by way of guidance in writing those letters saying "No." Here it is:

DEAR EDITOR:

Congratulations on your promotion. Since henceforth you will have the privilege of writing letters of rejection —instead of mere reader's reports—I hope you won't think it presumptuous of an old hand to come forward with a little advice about your new activity. Ordinarily you would think I would start directly with the contents of your letters, but the bitter experience of some authors has shown I must first give you a few cautions about envelopes. Here are some elementary "don'ts" that I am afraid must be watched. In your address don't attribute the wrong sex to the author, especially where the correct sex is clearly indicated in either the manuscript or the letter of submission. Also, be sure the address is correct. It does not generate any good will from an author if he has to send a letter of inquiry about his manuscript, only to learn that a firm in Chicago apparently feels that addresses on the east and west sides of Manhattan can be used interchangeably.

And be sure the right letter is in the right envelope. Don't do what a certain Indianapolis firm did. That is, don't send one author's letter of rejection to another author with whom you are making a casual appointment, and vice versa. Especially, don't confound the error (as this company did) by being unable to find any copy of the letter of rejection in your files when the bewildered first writer inquired about the contents of what he was supposed to have received.

And watch the advertising matter that is stamped on the envelopes you use. An author does not take kindly to the rejection of a serious manuscript that comes in an envelope boldly advertising "Dennis the Menace." To cite another instance: a writer does not like to read that his manuscript has been turned down because readers will not feel his contemporary subject matter is "of immediate concern to them," when the envelope carrying that judgment asks in big red letters "have you read" and then gives the title of the company's current best-selling historical novel. In this connection, too, I might ask you to give a thought to your advertising that is currently appearing in the newspapers. The author of a short but serious book does not feel too happy about your verdict that it is "too modest" when the next day he opens *The New York Times* and sees you have taken a quarter page to plug "Droodles."

Now for the letters themselves. I am predicating my comments on the assumption that you are interested in the good will of writers. If this is not true by all means carry on the way most of your predecessors have been doing. They seem to have found just the formula for losing good will. But if you want to win friends may I give a few brief "don'ts" before embarking on some positive suggestions?

Don't boast of your "careful" consideration in a carelessly written letter.

Don't claim "interest" in a form-type letter that betrays not the slightest evidence of interest.

If you don't give even a phrase or hint of comment don't send what I call "the sugar-and-spice letter." You know, the one that goes "We are very grateful to you for giving us the opportunity to consider your book and send you, along with our very real regrets, our best wishes for early successful placement with another publishing house." The reason I suggest the omission of this type, if you can't find a single kind word to say about the manuscript, is simple. It doesn't sound sincere.

When you have held a manuscript for more than six months don't compound your lack of promptitude by telling the author his material is "dated."

A final "don't" at this point. Don't confuse commercial and artistic judgments. This is apt to be done in two ways. By pointing out the commercial drawbacks as if they were artistic ones. And by citing an artistic flaw as the reason for rejection, when the true reason is commercial—a fact that is often exposed by the rest of your list that contains books with far more appalling artistic deficiencies.

Now to turn to something more positive. A great many authors write letters when they submit manuscripts. I would suggest that wherever possible you re-read those letters before

(*Continued on page* 48)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Elysium for Bachelors

THE Polynesian beauties of the story-book island of Rapa want men. Rapa is famous as the "island of women." It lies far to the southeast just within the borders of French Oceania.

This morning a small sailing schooner arrived at Moorea from Rapa. The captain is a strapping Amazon measuring approximately 230 pounds by six feet. Her name is Anaa. She has island products to sell or exchange, but her chief concern is to persuade men to come to Rapa.

Rapa women want babies but are thwarted in this ambition by lack of male collaboration. There are six women to every man on Rapa. Of the 350 inhabitants 300 are women. And, complains Anaa, the men are "tired." Fresh talent is needed. . . .

Anaa assures her prospects that they will not be expected to work on Rapa. The women will do that for them. Life will be made pleasant for them. Their every wish will be gratified. She promises, as an extra bonus, that they will even be fed by hand, if they so desire.

One is reminded of the Amazons and their annual importation of males to perpetuate the race. The only essential difference between the two tales is that the Rapa story is true.

—From "Adventures in Paradise," by Willard Price (John Day).

The Jefferson Doctrine

THOMAS JEFFERSON, in 1793, was Washington's Secretary of State. There are those persons, even to this day, who persist in portraying Jefferson as a dreamy doctrinaire, moved more by emotional sympathy with democratic ideas and international brotherhood than by any hard conceptions of practical statesmanship and national self-interest. No conception could be further from the truth, especially with regard to foreign affairs. The author of the Declaration of Independence was, in fact, a singularly supple and flexible intelligence, with whom dogma was hardly likely to count against desirable concrete ends. He was the last man in the world to involve the United States in foreign war for nebulous or altruistic purposes, or for love of another nation. It is a calumny upon his memory to suggest such a thing.

In reality, speaking broadly, Jefferson's diplomatic notions had been based increasingly on isolationist conceptions. His correspondence shows that he had very early realized the maxim that Europe's anguish might be America's opportunity. As early as 1784, in the midst of a minor crisis between France and Austria, he had expressed to Monroe the belief that war might "renew that disposition in the powers of Europe to treat with us on liberal principles."

Three years later, in another tense moment, he wrote, "Should war take place, and should it be general as it threatens to be, our neutrality must be attended by great advantages." And of war itself, when it came, he was ready to comment cynically, "Since it is so decreed by fate, we have only to pray that their soldiers may eat a great deal." The man who could write such a line as that was no pallid sentimentalist, likely to sacrifice American interests to abstract ideas of democracy or world regeneration.

—From "A History of the Monroe Doctrine," by Dexter Perkins (Little, Brown).

—From "Pictorial History of American Presidents" (A. S. Barnes and Company)

Allied Commander and future President with his President and Commander-in-Chief.

The Utopia of 1976

EVERY athletic record of our day will be smashed. The records I've seen broken in the pole vault, high jump, mile and two mile will be viewed with curious amusement in 1976. . . . The craving for narcotics and excessive alcohol will decline as people need fewer spurs for courage, and less forgetfulness. . . . The Ten Commandments will be brought up to date. The five-day week has already outmoded the solitary seventh day for rest. Honor thy parents will be replaced by parents behaving so as to deserve affection. Coveting thy neighbor's chattels will, despite the last dying efforts of the advertising gentry, give way to emulation of the neighbor's valid attainments and pursuits of a self-con-

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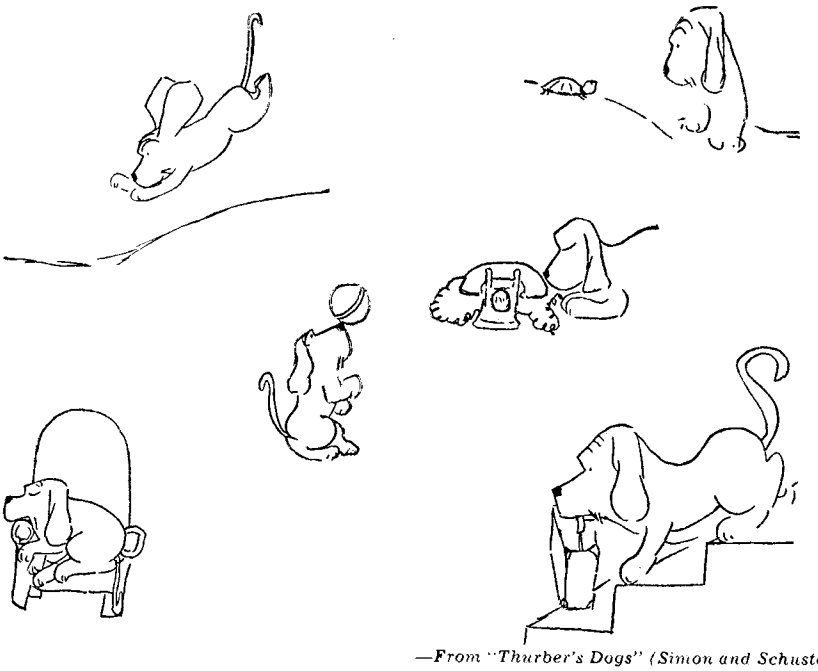
tained way of life. . . . The adventurous spirit will explore a revision of our clumsy calendar, and the social register will evaporate. Precious jewels will revert in value to the days when, in Europe, diamonds and carbuncles were polished only for children. Even humor will change, as a secure people will not need the comfort of a joke at the expense of others. . . .

People will be more like themselves, and different from the mob. By no means do I believe that virtue will always, or even mostly, dominate human behavior. In my profession I have seen too many good people hurt and even destroy other good people. I have seen the cupidity and insecurity that have led to foul and indefensible action. But seldom, except with the sick of mind, have I perceived acknowledged evil motives. . . . Birth, and marriage, and death will be treated with the respect they deserve. The present insult of the burial rackets (the present expense is about one and one-fourth billion dollars) and the marriage show-off expenses of more than that amount will give way to a spiritual approach to these, the outstanding, events of our experience on earth. . . . We will not require illness to gain the necessary repose and relaxation. To illness and idleness man owes many of his great discoveries: Archimedes, idle in a tub; Darwin, an invalid; Einstein, sick; Scott, crediting his best work to that precious half hour between waking and rising. The joys of discovery will come to those who are teased by the unknown, a sensation seldom experienced by the tense and busy.

Although work habits and the uses of logic and reason are essential tools for accomplishment, Bacon's hunch, in 1605, will be accepted—that we owe more to chance than to logic for the advancement of art and science.

—From "Utopia 1976," by Morris L. Ernst (Rinehart).



—From "Thurber's Dogs" (Simon and Schuster).

Excerpts from "A Portfolio."

Life Savers

AN INTERESTING, somewhat bizarre, but nevertheless important image in the minds of many people during the nineteenth century was the horrifying prospect of being buried alive. The foundation for such morbid preoccupation stems from an earlier period of the great plagues and epidemics when in the frenzied haste of disposing of the dead the stricken might well be mistaken for the dead. Even in classical antiquity there were customary acts performed by the bereaved which functioned as crude tests of death, such as the Roman *conclamatio,* the Greek washing of the body with warm water, and the Hebrew wake, or watch, in the sepulcher. In America this concern might be expressed in prose and poetry, but with the focus of popular attention on the burial receptacle during this period there was a corresponding increase in inventions designed to indicate to the living whether life still existed in the grave.

The earliest of these "life signals" to be patented came from the drawing board of Christian Eisenbrandt, of Baltimore, Maryland, who in a specification of letters patent dated November 15, 1843, claimed a "new and useful improvement in coffins" which he termed "a life-preserving coffin in case of doubtful death." His invention was designed, by an arrangement of wires and pins and a spring lid, to enable the occupant of the coffin by the slightest movement of hand or head to cause the coffin lid to spring open.

While Eisenbrandt's life-preserving coffin obviously had utility only before the coffin was buried in the earth, the next . . . similar devices to appear in the patent files were designed to operate even after the body was interred. First of these, invented in 1868 by Franz Vester of Newark, New Jersey, consisted of a square tube, containing a ladder and a cord, one end of which was to be placed in the hand of the person laid in the coffin, while the other extended up to a bell on the top of the tube which was attached to the head of the coffin.

A very similar idea is expressed in the invention of Theodore Schroeder and Hermann Wuest of Hoboken, New Jersey, whose "Improvement in Life-Detectors for Coffins," patented in 1871, consisted of a narrow round tube, similar to a speaking tube, which was to be attached to the head end of the coffin in such manner that the rope within it might be pulled by the buried person, releasing an air opening in the mouth of the tube and simultaneously setting off an electrical alarm. If the name of the inventor could be considered a recommendation the invention of Albert Fearnaught of Indianapolis, Indiana, should have had instantaneous public acceptance. His "Grave-Signal," patented in 1882, consisted of a rather elaborate device to release a flag through the end of a tube which projected up from the foot of the grave if its occupant were to move a hand.

—From "The History of American Funeral Directing," by Habenstein Lamers (Bulfin Printers).

"Farmer George" III

THE young man of twenty-two who came to the throne in 1760 was George II's grandson. In private life he was a good family man, homely and respectable. As King he had a great sense of responsibility and a good head for business and was proud to consider himself an Englishman despite his Hanoverian descent. "Born and educated in this country," he said to Parliament in his first speech from the Throne, "I glory in the name

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of Briton, and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne."

Yet during the earlier years of his reign he was not popular, and the foolishness and obstinacy that characterized some of his actions were largely responsible for the quarrel with the North American colonies and the blundering English attitude to Ireland's troubles. Only later on, when he became subject to spells of insanity and was treated so abominably by his son, did public feeling turn to sympathy and then affection for poor old "Farmer George."

—From "British History Displayed 1688-1950," by Margaret M. Elliott (Cambridge University Press).

God and a Ship

THE *Titanic* was unsinkable. Everybody said so. When Mrs. Albert Caldwell was watching the deck hands carry up luggage at Southampton, she asked one of them, "Is this ship really nonsinkable?"

"Yes, lady," he answered, "God Himself could not sink this ship." So now the passengers stood calmly on the Boat Deck—unworried but very confused. There had been no boat drill. The passengers had no boat assignments. The crew had assignments, but hardly anybody bothered to look at the list. Now they were playing it strictly by ear—yet the crew seemed to sense where they were needed and how to be useful. . . .

Little knots of men swarmed over each boat, taking off the canvas covers, clearing the masts and useless paraphernalia, putting in lanterns and tins of biscuits. . . . But the going was slow. Second Officer Lightoller, in charge of the port side, believed in channels, and Chief Officer Wilde seemed quite a bottleneck. When Lightoller asked permission to swing out, Wilde said, "No, wait." Lightoller finally went to the bridge and got orders direct from Captain Smith. Now Lightoller asked Wilde if he could load up. Again Wilde said no; again Lightoller went to the bridge; again Captain Smith gave him the nod: "Yes, put the women and children in and lower away."

With one foot in No. 6 and one on deck, Lightoller now called for women and children. The response was anything but enthusiastic. Why trade the bright decks of the *Titanic* for a few dark hours in a rowboat? Even John Jacob Astor ridiculed the idea: "We are safer here than in that little boat."

As Mrs. J. Stuart White climbed into No. 8, a friend called, "When you get back you'll need a pass. You can't get back on tomorrow morning without a pass!"

When Mrs. Constance Willard flatly refused to enter the boat, an exasperated officer finally shrugged, "Don't waste time—let her go if she won't get in!"

—From "A Night to Remember," by Walter Lord (Henry Holt).

How to Begin a Novel

IN THE preface to one of the editions of Arnold Bennett's novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," the author describes how in the autumn of 1903, he used to dine at a certain restaurant in Paris. Among others who attracted his attention, there were two waitresses. One was a pale and beautiful young girl, who waited on tables far from where he sat, and to whom he never spoke. The other was a stout middle-aged woman, bossy and authoritative by disposition. Since she served him regularly, she began to take on a maternal attitude with him. If he remained away from the restaurant a couple of evenings, she would ask him why he had been unfaithful to her. Finally, she obtruded her personality upon him to such a degree that he decided not to return to the restaurant, and to become, as it were, perpetually unfaithful to her. One evening, before he had made this final decision, he noticed a fat, shapeless, ugly, and grotesque old woman enter. Her voice and gestures were ridiculous. Observing her, Arnold Bennett quickly guessed that, as a consequence of a long period of years of living alone, the grotesque old woman had grown peculiar, without apparently having become conscious of her peculiarities. She carried many parcels which she kept dropping. And because of the way in which she chose a table and then changed to another, almost everyone in the restaurant laughed at her. Observing this scene, Arnold Bennett was pained by the coarse manner in which the pale and beautiful young waitress laughed. That was the one to whom he had never spoken. He reflected that this ridiculous old woman had once been young, slim, and perhaps beautiful. Then she had probably been free of ridiculous mannerisms. To him, she was tragic, and he thought that she could become the subject or protagonist of a moving novel, which would recount and recreate the life history of such a woman. Also, in this preface, Arnold Bennett stated: "Every stout, aging woman is not grotesque—far from it! But there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, aging woman was once a young girl with unique charm of youth in her form and movements and her mind. The fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, aging woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos." Thus, in a Paris restaurant, Arnold Bennett conceived the idea of writing "The Old Wives' Tale."

—"On the Function of the Novel," by James T. Farrell from "Seven Arts," edited by Fernando Puma (Falcon's Wing Press).

The History of a Game

IF YOU want to start a controversy among card historians, ask them this question, "How did bridge come into being?" You are likely to get almost as many explanations as there are historians.

According to one story bridge was originally played in Istanbul, Turkey, by the Russian colony. It was brought to England around 1884, and there acquired a new name. Two couples in Leicestershire were wont to visit each other on alternate nights to play the game. The path between the two homes led across a rickety old bridge which wasn't too safe at night. When the game broke up the visiting pair would say with relief, "Well, tomorrow night it's your bridge." And thus the game got to be known as bridge whist, then gradually bridge, with the whist part being dropped.

Another version of the origin of the name is a more prosaic one. In bridge, the dealer had the option of selecting the trump suit or passing—"bridgeing"—the decision to his partner.

Bridge in the form we know it today really began to arrive, however, when a dummy hand was laid face up on the table. And this development too seems to have a story attached to it.

As the late card authority and historian R. F. Foster tells it, three British Civil Service officers were stationed at a lonely hill post in India, with no fourth bridge player within a hundred miles. One of them suggested bidding for the fourth hand, which would then be placed as a face-up dummy. "The others liked the idea . . . and called the game 'Auction.' It was described in the London *Daily Mail* as a good game for three players. . . . Then one player asked if four might play. . . . "

—From "The Bridge Player's Bedside Companion," edited by Albert A. Ostrow (Prentice-Hall).

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CHRISTMAS BOOK SECTION

AS OF this moment there are only nineteen shopping days until Christmas. We would not mention this disconcerting fact if we didn't have some suggestions to assuage your anguish. As a matter of fact, we have several hundred suggestions—books so varied in subject matter and style that there should be at least one among them to appeal to every person from three to ninety-three on your gift list; books so new that it isn't likely your intended recipient has already read them.

All the books reviewed in this issue were selected to help you in this annual chore. Beginning on page 22 we publish a survey of the new books that were designed by their authors and publishers expressly for Christmas giving. And on this page begins an annotated list of about 250 books already reviewed in *SR* which, on the basis of our reviewers' assessments, we believe will make fine gifts. The selection of children's books was made by Frances Lander Spain and other specialists in the children's department of the New York Public Library.

Once again, a merry and bookish Christmas to you all! —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Ideas for Santa's Bag

SR's Selections from the Bookshelves

Fiction

ANDERSONVILLE. By MacKinlay Kantor. World Publishing Co. $5.
The whole horror story of the Confederate prison where 14,000 of 36,000 inmates died.

BAND OF ANGELS. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $3.95.
The life of Amantha Starr, whose fate it was to be raised as a young lady on a Kentucky plantation and then sold down the river as a slave in New Orleans.

BELL'S LANDING. By Gerald Warner Brace. W. W. Norton. $3.75.
The story of an old house on Cape Ann and the enduring impression it made on two brothers.

BIG WOODS. By William Faulkner. Random House. $3.95.
A collection of four previously published hunting stories by one of the greatest American writers of our time.

CASH McCALL. By Cameron Hawley. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.
The highly publicized story of a big hotel operator who buys and sells companies, all the while trying to maintain his own integrity.

THE CHANGELINGS. By Jo Sinclair. McGraw-Hill. $3.75.
A report on the crisis that develops as it appears possible that Negroes may settle in an old residential street of a Midwest city.

A CHARMED LIFE. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.
A fictional dissection of a small New England resort village by a novelist and short-story writer whose works have long attracted wide attention.

CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN. By Thomas Mann. Translated by Denver Lindley. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.
The great German's last novel is the story of a charming rogue.

THE CORSAIR. By Madeleine Fabiola Kent. Doubleday. $3.95.
Despite the novelistic treatment of the legendary pirate Jean Lafitte there is much authentic material here.

EPISODE IN THE TRANSVAAL. By Harry Bloom. Doubleday. $3.95.
A story of fearful events on a location (that part of every South African town which is set aside for laborers, domestics, and factory workers).

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS. By Rumer Godden. Viking. $3.50.
A Book-of-the-Month Club choice, Miss Godden's novel movingly tells how London city-children create a life of beauty despite their surroundings.

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.75.
The tenth and latest novel of one of the leading satirists of our times, taking up again the theme of conflict between human intellect and human spirit.

GREEN POND. By Evan Brandon. Vanguard. $4.75.
A first novel of epic proportions, this is the story of a North Carolina town from post-Civil War times through World War II.

HERITAGE. By Anthony West. Random House. $3.75.
A novel by the son of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West, which describes the coming-of-age of a sensitive boy born and reared under unusual circumstances.

LEAVEN OF MALICE. By Robertson Davies. Scribner's. $3.50.
A satire on life in a moderate-sized Canadian city, and especially in its university and its cathedral.

LOVE, DEATH, AND THE LADIES' DRILL TEAM. By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Popular novelist West ("The Witch Diggers") is equally adept in the short-story field, as this varied collection of philosophical and poetic pieces demonstrates.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. By Sloan Wilson. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
A study of the most typical postwar American Commuter.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday. $4.95.
The story of a beautiful New York middle-class Jewish girl, of her dreams of becoming an actress, and of her adventures in finding the Right Man.

MISS MORISSA: DOCTOR OF THE GOLD TRAIL. By Mari Sandoz. McGraw-Hill. $3.75.
Taking the rugged Nebraska scene of the 1870's, the author of "Old Jules" and "Crazy Horse" pictures a doctor who rebuilds her life by dedication to peoples' problems. The novel is partly based on fact.

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. $5.
A retelling of the long and unforgiving feud between Thomas à Becket and Henry II, and a posing of some high moral problems and some high drama.

NOT THE GLORY. By Pierre Boulle. Translated by Xan Fielding. Vanguard. $3.50.
A tale of a Nazi agent in Britain who in a strange way becomes what he pretends to be.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. By Riccardo Bacchelli. Translated by Stuart Hood. Pantheon. $4.50.
This one completes the "Mill on the Po" trilogy, with its account of the life of millers in the former Papal States, from the unification of Italy to the First World War.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $3.75.
The fortunes of a number of British commandos through misadventures in Crete during World War II to the present. A deflating picture of twentieth-century war.

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. By P. H. Newby. Alfred A. Knopf. Paperbound, $1.25. Hardbound, $3.
A kind of comic "Passage to Egypt." A satire on Englishmen trying to bear the white man's burden on the Nile.

THE PROPHET. By Sholem Asch. Putnam's. $4.
A novel about the life and tribulations of that little-known prophet who is called Deutero-Isaiah by Bible scholars and who, like the Biblical characters in others of Mr. Asch's works, contributed a great deal to the Jewish and Christian doctrines of a Messiah.

THE RETURN OF THE KING. By J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
The third and final part of the allegorical

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"The Lords of the Rings," being the fictional history of the Third Age of Middle Earth before the beginnings of the Age of the Dominion of Men.

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE. By Paul Bowles. Random House. $3.95.
A novel of characters and ideas which is set in the centuries-old city of Fez in French Morocco. With it Mr. Bowles, who has received wide critical attention in his past works, publishes his fourth work of fiction.

THE STEPMOTHER. By R. C. Hutchinson. Rinehart. $3.50.
This new novel by the author of "Elephant and Castle" tells of the efforts of a second wife to build a bridge of understanding between her husband and his son.

TEN NORTH FREDERICK. By John O'Hara. Random House. $3.95.
The new novel by the author of "Appointment in Samarra" and "A Rage to Live" tells of some characters and monuments in a passing way of life in a favorite O'Hara locale, Gibbsville, Pa.

THESE LOVERS FLED AWAY. By Howard Spring. Harper. $4.50.
The turbulent marriage of a dramatist makes up the fare of this novel written by the popular author of best sellers like "The Houses in Between."

THE TONTINE. By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday. 2 vols. $5.95.
A long, old-fashioned novel about a curious insurance scheme that thrived during the early nineteenth century and about the wealthy British families whose fortunes were tied up with it.

THE TREE OF MAN. By Patrick White. Viking Press. $4.50.
The story of the family of an Australian cattle raiser that in many ways resembles families of our own frontiersmen.

WATERFRONT. By Budd Schulberg. Random House. $3.95.
A novel dealing with the same characters and situation as the prize-winning film "On the Waterfront," although it was written after the completion of the latter.

THE YEARS OF THE CITY. By George Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
The life and death of an ancient city named Phrax—an allegory in which Mr. Stewart manages to mirror not only the politics and the intrigues of ancient cities but also the politics and intrigues of modern states.

YOUNG TÖRLESS. By Robert Musil. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Pantheon Books. $2.95.
The first American publication of a 1906 novel about a boy's ordeal in an Austrian boarding school.

Americana

THE AGE OF REFORM: FROM BRYAN TO FDR. By Richard Hofstadter. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.
A study of American political thought in this century.

AMERICAN SKYLINE: THE GROWTH AND FORM OF OUR CITIES AND TOWNS. By Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
A historical survey and a plan for future architectural development of our cities and our towns.

AMERICAN PAINTING FROM THE ARMORY SHOW TO THE DEPRESSION. By Milton W. Brown. Princeton University Press. $15.
A history (and some interesting interpretations) of U.S. art from 1913 to 1929.

THE AMERICAN TREASURY. Edited by Clifton Fadiman; assisted by Charles Van Doren. Harper. $7.50.
A fat new collection of American writings and sayings which boasts some highly unorthodox contributors among its more traditional ones.

THE AMERICAN WEST. By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. E. P. Dutton. $12.50.
Two historians of the Old West recreate now-classic scenes of frontier life, using a large format and a text handsomely illustrated by a thousand pictures.

ARCHITECTURE, AMBITION, AND AMERICANS. By Wayne Andrews. Harper. $7.50.
A history of American taste as reflected in its buildings.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD: NAPOLEON IN GRAY. By T. Harry Williams. Louisiana State University Press. $4.75.
A full-length portrait of one of the Confederacy's most controversial generals.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST. By Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. Oxford University Press. $6.95.
Some enthusiasm about the man whose real

(Continued on page 52)

ESPECIALLY FOR CHRISTMAS

The Gift-Book Browsers

MISCELLANY

CHRISTMAS is the time of year when the merchants like to wrap up their offerings in cheery packages, and this year we hear that the liquor people are bottling their spirits in decanters of Royal Doulton and that even the sleeping-pill people are planning a surprise package tagged with the legend "Try These for a Real Silent Night." So, too, the book publishers have come out with several Yuletide armloads of big and little packages which ought to keep the merry merry cash-register bells ringing, and since we suspect that you might miss some of the more choice of these if we didn't point them out to you, we offer this list in the hope that one, if not another, of them will prove to be just what you need.

Christmas is a season of music and, as always, the publishers have not forgot it. This year they have celebrated the fact by bringing out in plenty of time for the festivities two big song books. One of these is **"The Jerome Kern Song Book,"** edited by Oscar Hammerstein II (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). Not the least of its advantages is a large gold ribbon on the dust jacket, all tied up with a gold bow, and, among other songs inside, are "I've Told Every Little Star" and "The Way You Look Tonight." The other music book will have to be wrapped if you plan to give it as a present. It is **"The Abe Burrows Songbook"** and it contains the words and music to "My Heart (Anatomical-type Song)," "Carbon Paper (Stationery-type Song)," and dozens of other Burrows numbers.

Happily, the publishers have not forgot that Christmas is also the season of literary collections, and this year one of the handsomest of these is a well-put-together volume entitled **"Bouillabaisse for Bibliophiles,"** edited by William Targ (World Publishing Co., $10), which offers a collection of essays, epigrams, poems, and vignettes about the fine art of book collecting.

For those with less discriminating tastes the firm of Houghton Mifflin has brought out **"The Complete Tales of Uncle Remus,"** by Joel Chandler Harris, in a handsome and inexpensive volume ($5), and for those of *far* less discriminating tastes the publishing firm of Hanover House has come up with a whole collection of **"The Best of Kathleen Norris"** ($3.95), a volume which bears on its dust jacket a little printed note from Mrs. Norris. Writes Mrs. Norris, placing herself in high literary company, "'Here they are, my fifty men and women,' wrote Browning in presenting to his adored wife a collection of his poems. And with a faint and far-away echo of Browning's phrase I introduce this new collection that includes some fifty men and women of my own creating . . . ."

CLEARLY one of the most practical categories of books to appear this year is a whole group of how-to-do-it books ranging in subject matter from **"How to Double the Space in Your Living Room,"** by the editors of *Family Handyman Magazine* (Harper, $5.95) to **"How to Run a Club,"** by Harry Simmons (same publisher, $3.95). In the first of these, despite its title, there are also included instructions on how to enclose your entryway, how to finish your basement, and where and how to add a porch in case you are interested; and in the latter volume there are such important instructions for club-runners as how to start a club, how to solve its legal and financial problems once you have started it, and (with a whole chapter devoted to the subject) "How to Obtain and Handle Speakers." On this delicate subject Mr. Simmons, who is a management consultant, lecturer, educator, and general management executive, offers the following tips: By all means, arrange to have the speaker met at the train or airport, by all means make sure that your letter of invitation to the speaker is

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a sales letter, and, after the speaker has left, by all means write him a thank-you note even though he may have been a disappointment.

Fitting right in with this problem of speakers, Lawrence M. Brings, the former director of the Department of Speech at Teachers College, Aberdeen, S. D., has written a book entitled **"Humorous Introductions for Emcees"** (T. S. Dennison, $4.50), in the contents of which one can find some useful examples of successful past introductions, including an introduction for a harpist ("There are too few really good harpists in the world"), and one for a bathing-beauty contest ("Attention, please: Can some one find the time to spare to look at me?"). In the how-to-do category there is also a book for men entitled **"Right Dress: Success through Better Grooming,"** by Bert Bacharach (A. S. Barnes, $1.50) and there is a book for ladies entitled **"The Pahlmann Book of Interior Design"** (Thomas Y. Crowell, $7.50). The Pahlmann book features photographs of the interior decorations of the homes of such notable Pahlmann clients as Mr. Billy Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hoving, and these and other homes look very handsome indeed. But if this book fails to solve your problems the publishing house of Coward-McCann has issued a book entitled **"How to Decorate and Light Your Home,"** by E. W. Commery and C. Eugene Stephenson, a book which includes diagrams on forty-three ways to group furniture, thirty-five methods for lighting your home, and twenty-eight room color schemes.

One of America's most successful how-to-doers of the past was Henry Ford, and now that the doings in his home workshop have become history the book publishers have noted the fact. This season two titles concerning Mr. Ford's most famous product have been issued. One of these is entitled **"Tin Lizzie: The Story of the Fabulous Model T Ford,"** by Philip Van Doren Stern (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), and the other is entitled **"Henry's Wonderful Model T,"** by Floyd Clymer (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). Both are full of pictures, nostalgia, and such pertinent information regarding the Model T as the fact that its cooling system was thermo-syphon, that its front tires were of the three-inch variety (its rear tires were of the three-and-one-half-inch variety), and that its transmission was of the planetary variety (a fact true of all Fords from Model A to Model T, as a chart of specifications in "Tin Lizzie" makes abundantly clear).

To add to the conviviality this year the publishers have done their part by bringing out books of humor. The firm of McGraw-Hill has issued a light volume entitled **"It All Started with Europe,"** by Richard Armour ($2.75), a book which does for European history what the same author's "It All Started with Columbus" did for American history and which begins "Europe, like the rest of the Earth, was originally too hot to handle. . . ." And Hanover House has issued **"Max Shulman's Guided Tour of Campus Humor"** ($2.95), a book which contains, among other interesting matters, such campus specialties as Fractured French, Splintered Spanish, and Lacerated Latin in addition to some 400 additional pages of college jokes and college verses.

"I disagree with every blessed word you said!"

Most of the contents of Mr. Shulman's book came straight from the college magazines themselves and, in the same manner, most of the contents of Harlem Miller's **"There's a Man in the House"** (Random House, $3.95) have been published before as chatty columns either in *The Des Moines Register* or *Ladies' Home Journal*. But this fact has deterred neither the publishers of Mr. Shulman's book nor the publishers of Mr. Miller's book, and, in keeping with the Christmas spirit, the publishers of Mr. Miller's book have called it a veritable "plum pudding" on its dust jacket. Sample spoonful of the pudding: "I'm a trifle embarrassed when I try to parade George Washington and Abe Lincoln before my two sons as illustrious models to emulate. They see readily enough how noble G. W. and Honest Abe were. But they also see too clearly how little their dad resembles either one."

ONE of the better traditions of the book publishers at Christmastime is the tradition of publishing big picture books, and this year is no exception. By far the most impressive of these is **"A Currier & Ives Treasury,"** by Colin Simkin (Crown, $10), in which you will find a good many of the scenes engraved by this famous team done up handsomely and looking as if they cost far more than they do. And, as a sequel to the previously published **"Look at America,"** the editors of

(*Continued on page* 58)

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The World of John Gilbert Graham

JOHN GILBERT GRAHAM, age twenty-three, took out air flight insurance on his mother and then placed in her suitcase two sticks of dynamite attached to a time fuse. The mechanism worked and a plane carrying forty-four human beings exploded in flight. There were no survivors.

The shock waves of the blast were felt in the consciousness of numberless millions of people. The human mind was rocked by realization of the stark helplessness of people when an evil idea seizes a single individual. Forty-three men and women aboard the plane were totally uninvolved in the life of John Gilbert Graham. They were incidental and extraneous. Their lives were less than merely cheap; they were meaningless. The impersonality of evil had become sovereign. And the ease with which the evil had been fulfilled seemed no less hideous than the evil itself.

Now take this danger and multiply it by infinity. Take the vulnerability and the impersonality and extend it to 2,500,000,000 human beings. When you do this you have a portrait of the age. We are all in the plane. The hold of the plane is already packed with the mammoth explosives and detonators. A madman at the head of a nation can touch off the first big blast and the others will go off automatically. And even without reference to the explosive cargo a struggle is going on in the cockpit for control of the ship.

No one disputes the consequences of the explosion. Scientists, soldiers, and statesmen do not disagree that the war would pulverize man and all his works. The man or men who set off the first explosions will themselves be shattered by the later ones. But even this fact does not serve as a sufficient guarantee of the public safety—any more than John Gilbert Graham, who was possessed by an evil design, was deterred by the likelihood of his arrest.

Indeed, even among some men who have been identified with habits of reasonable thinking we can see the lure of suicide. These are the men who are appalled by the ease with which the madmen could blow us up and therefore propose that we blow them up first. But since we are all in the plane no distinctions can be made between the effects of the supposedly therapeutic explosions and the effects of the evil ones. The big bombs are as impersonal as war itself and are wedded to each other and follow a united course even though man does not.

JOHN GILBERT GRAHAM is a monster but he is also a miniaturist. He has given us diamond-size and diamond-sharp an image of the world in which we live. He has spelled out on the head of a pin the predicament of our species.

As in the case of the people in the plane, there is little connection between the things we do and think about and the big facts that shape our destiny. Unlike the people in the plane, however, we have at our disposal the mechanism that can detach the fuse. That mechanism is a key furnished by history itself. For nothing is more explicit in history than that the only antidote for lawlessness is law; the only cure for anarchy is government. And the only safeguard against bad government is the determination of the individual to keep close enough to it so that it never becomes an end in itself.

If the world is not to belong to the John Gilbert Grahams sometime soon the central problem will have to be seen for what it is. The central problem is to tame the nation and to keep human life from becoming impersonal or extraneous. This is done not by acquiescing in national aggression or ambition, but by creating the specific instruments that can cope with it or prevent it. So far as the people of the United States are concerned our greatest strength may very well lie in the world advocacy of that idea. For our own claim on survival will be defined not by what we do for ourselves, but what we propose to do for all. —N. C.

Time and Space

By William M. Hitzig, M.D.

HALT eternal verities!—Rebel
against the blazing flash, whose rays foretell
the planetary rhythms of the seasons,
climatic spectrums born for reasons
that God's decree of Time and Space
heap blessings on the human race.
Save Time!—What gift more cruel in Man's brief hour
lets passions rise, yet seeks to tower
above Man's maddening tempo? Oh Time infernal!
Add vibrant years to dreams nocturnal!
Make love conceived in light diurnal
grow, not vanish like falling stars. Eternal
silence—why still Man's fierce desires?
No end's more pitiful than ebbing fires!
Let faith bring hope in God's command
that Time endure. Should love demand
that Time stand still, then Time, in mobile groove,
may halt like Space which spins, yet does not move.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MY FAVORITE GENIUS

DELBERT CLARK'S ARTICLE "What Makes a Genius?" [*SR* Nov. 12] is a very tantalizing tid-bit! You will be flooded with outraged "Where is my pet genius?" But perhaps the name of Nikolai Tesla, sometime in the future, will be taken out of its wraps—to be appreciated by a more knowledgeable humanity.

GAREN DRUSSAI.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDISON TO WOLFE

MANY YEARS BEFORE Thomas Wolfe was able to take pen in hand the phrase "Genius is 90 per cent hard work" was attributed to Thomas Edison. Furthermore, Clark would have done well to consult dictionaries and other books concerned with word sources and meanings to learn the distinction between "genius" and "innovator."

C. H. VAN KRIEDT.

San Francisco, Calif.

ROOM FOR MORE

CLARK'S DEFINITION of a genius may be too narrow to suit some, but even on his ground rules shouldn't these names be included?

Hippocrates: "the Father of Medicine."

Josiah Willard Gibbs: founder of modern physical chemistry.

Frank Lloyd Wright: exemplar of "continuous flow of creative thought and activity" in architecture.

IRVING NORTON FISHER.

New Haven, Conn.

EVERY MAN A GENIUS

ISN'T THE QUESTION one of evaluating greater and lesser geniuses rather than genius and non-genius? Or maybe differentiating between all-round geniuses like Franklin or Leonardo and specialized geniuses like Ford or Napoleon. Hitler was a genius at gaining power, but not in retaining it or in prolonging his life—which is after all the prime consideration of living creatures.

Clark seems to limit the term to one whose work contributes to general progress and human welfare. May there not also be evil geniuses? Is it not proper to assume that every outstanding individual is a genius of some kind, and that a man may be a genius at forging and counterfeiting as well as a genius at writing music?

ELLIS O. JONES.

Washington, D.C.

BACON A GENIUS?

I AGREE wholeheartedly with Clark's definition of a genius, but who fits it more completely than Francis Bacon? Socrates and Aristotle started Western man thinking, but that thinking bogged down into word-games for 2,000 years until Bacon rescued it and put it on the road to the modern era. Marconi applied the findings of Hertz, but Hertz, Newton, Pasteur, and all the rest have used the methods of Bacon. The invention of a method of thought is even more fundamental than the inventions resulting from it.

LEWIS S. GARNER.

Chicago, Ill.

"They're great for climbing *up* . . . Now all I have to do is invent something for climbing *down*!"

ANOTHER "MUST"

IF CLARK includes Heinrich Hertz in his list of geniuses, for establishing the electromagnetic nature of light, he must include James Clerk Maxwell, who mathematically predicted the results which Hertz only verified twenty years later.

CARL F. SCOTT.

Anna Maria, Fla.

WHY ST. PAUL?

CLARK STATES that no one is included who has been generally credited with supernatural powers. Taking the Bible as my reference [Acts 28:3-6] how can St. Paul be declared devoid of such?

JAY BLANCH.

Miami, Fla.

RESTLESS AND UNDEFINABLE

I AM PERSUADED that genius can be only rarely detected with such tools as the intelligence quotient (where correlations are frequently drawn between intellectual superiority and creative talent), and that it is as restless and undefinable as man's resurgent determination to live and work and love.

JAMES T. MEHORTER.

Charlottesville, Va.

DOES SPECTORSKY LIVE SOMEWHERE?

THE THING I MISS in A. C. Spectorsky's book "The Exurbanites" [*SR* Oct. 29] is his failure to mention the fact that everybody has to live somewhere. I live in Rockleigh, New Jersey, between Suburbia (Englewood) in the south and Exurbia (Rockland County) to the immediate north. Mr. Spectorsky's lost paradise (Sneden's Landing) crouches just over the hill. I like it here. But Mr. Spectorsky has got my neuroses so churned up that I'm not sure I ought to be living anywhere. *SR* can do me a favor if it will tell us where he lives.

WARD GREENE.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Spectorsky is an ex-Exurbanite (Westport, Conn.) who now resides in Manhattan.*

TIGERS ON THE RARITAN?

SCALLIONS to Francis Henry Taylor for implying that Princeton is located on the "banks of the Raritan" [*SR* Oct. 15]. A lesser seat of learning called, if memory serves, Rutgers does find itself situated hard by the Raritan. But the only body of water near Old Nassau is Lake Carnegie.

ROBERT J. JUPPE.

West Englewood, N.J.

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FICTION

Dreams in Flight

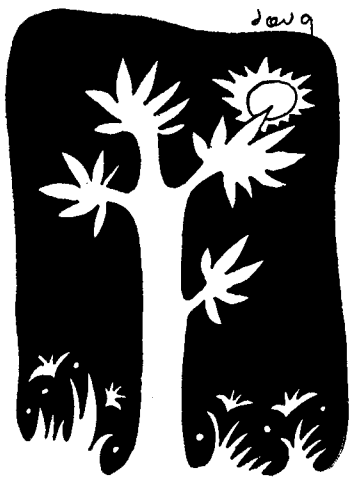
"An Episode of Sparrows," by Rumer Godden *(Viking. 247 pp. $3.50), is a novel based on a Biblical theme of love and of understanding which seems to have a special meaning during the Christmas season.*

By Walter Havighurst

NEAR the end of a season when books have been more humane than they have for some years past comes an airy novel from Rumer Godden. Its theme is built on this Biblical text: "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father."

Much of recent fiction has been written out of anger, fear, and hatred. Here we are reminded that a novel can come from affection, humor, and understanding—and a host of readers will be grateful for this shining book. It is a deft, amusing, and touching story of a London neighborhood where wealth adjoins poverty.

To the people of Mortimer Square the children of Catford Street were shrill and anonymous among the brick and the stone. Like street sparrows, the children of Catford Street lived a wary, hungry, and persistent life. The children's natural enemies were the Garden Committee, the caretaker, and the police. But they had the occasional comfort of providence in the persons of a backward spinster, a dreaming restaurant-keeper, and a crabbed old fellow who could tell why a seedling bed is called a nursery.



In this Catford Street a homeless little girl named Lovejoy Mason finds a packet of seeds and dreams of a garden—in a place where all the earth is buried under brick and stone. "Who plants a garden plants happiness," says the Chinese proverb. But Lovejoy's happiness was complicated with increasing trouble before the garden grew.

Two large conflicts underlie the deceptively simple novel. The first of these is the truceless, unremitting war between the generations. Lovejoy endured the suspicions and vagaries of grownups and she felt their terrible power. She knew a child was supposed to be quiet, obedient, and grateful, but her nature was too strong for that submission.

The second conflict which underlies the novel is the war of the worldly against the unworldly—a war in which reality closes in on all dreams. Lovejoy had the support of Vincent, a simple and absurd man who dreamed that he could have a fine restaurant in Catford Street and that the *real* people would find it. "People will want to drag you down," Vincent told Lovejoy. "Don't let them." Lovejoy wanted a garden, Vincent a restaurant, and the odds were crushing. But said Vincent, looking at the cherubs on his chandelier, "Things are more than just themselves. . . . No one knows what will come of anything."

What came of Lovejoy's garden was worth waiting for. In Miss Godden's novel the sparrows fall to the ground, but they flutter up again. It is a novel which rests lightly on the yearnings of childhood and the dreams of the unworldly. A false touch would tip it over, but Miss Godden stays this side of sentiment and of undue irony. She sees the cunning and the combativeness of childhood as clearly as its wistfulness, and she knows the odds against a man like Vincent. At the end Lovejoy's garden was gone and London's soot had blackened Vincent's restaurant. But the quality of wanting is the beginning of getting, and everything was changed because in Catford Street a child had found a packet of flower seed.

THE AUTHOR: A Hollywood-type advertisement for the writings of Rumer Godden would probably read something like: "Pure! Deceptively simple! Evocative! Luminous! Subtle magic! Limpid! A special magnetism!" This would be a thoroughly un-Godden-like approach, but the fact remains that literary critics have a special vocabulary for her books, chiefly conveying the idea that she somehow has a magic wand or, at least, a magic typewriter.

Miss Godden's own life has been deceptively simple and evocative; born in Sussex, England, she was brought up in India, "in a small town on the banks of one of the vast rivers of Bengal," and returned to England at the age of twelve for schooling. Five years and five schools later Miss Godden took dance training in London, returned to Calcutta, and opened her own ballet school for children. Dividing her adult life between India and England, "perpetually homesick for one or the other," she now resides with her husband, J. L. Haynes-Dixon, and her two daughters in Buckinghamshire where, she has said, "I hope as the years go on to get more quiet and dull every day."

But out of this background have come novels about a ballet school in London, a cloister in the Himalayas, family life in Bengal, a debted British widow in Kashmir, and a titled Scotsman ruling a South Pacific island.

Writing came early (but not easily) for Miss Godden at the age of five: "I started when I began making pot hooks," she wrote the other day. "None of these childish efforts shows the faintest spark of originality or talent. . . . Since then I have been working steadily but with not much output to show for almost twenty years' work; ten novels, one biography, a little journal, and a poem, but a book takes me a long time, in fact takes me all my time, so that I have no hobbies, though I am interested in many things: houses, gardens, the theatre and ballet, Persian carpets, old dolls, herbs, modern painting, and, always and chiefly, poetry."

—RICHARD LEMON.

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Many-Dimensioned Beings

"Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team," *by Jessamyn West (Harcourt, Brace. 248 pp. $3.50), is a new collection of short stories about a supposedly "normal" area of California by a well-known Quaker writer who has a genius not only for titles but also for tenderness and gentle irony.*

By Harrison Smith

ANYONE who has been fortunate enough to read Jessamyn West's eerie novels "The Witch Diggers" and "Cress Delahanty" or who has come across her short stories in *The New Yorker* and the few other magazines courageous enough to offer the women of America a change of pace will discover again her humor and her tenderness and the gentle irony which are the hallmark of her work. For the multitude who prefer drama, suspense, and love drenched in moonlight and roses Miss West's stories may seem merely bewildering, or perhaps too poignant, for she does not deal in happy endings or one-dimensional minds. It is difficult to describe her elusive talent without a multitude of adjectives; perhaps it is sufficient to say that she is elusive, amusing, and charming, and that she has a peculiar genius for titles.

Now Miss West has published a new collection of short stories entitled "Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team," and it is one of the most entertaining collections to appear in recent months. Nearly all of the fourteen stories in this volume are set in small towns or villages in Southern California, where there seem to be fewer of the strains and the anxieties that afflict city and suburban life in the East, though there is among the stories a wide range of mood and theme.

In "A Time of Learning" a young, lovelorn youth earns his living driving a buckboard through the countryside to paint barns and farmhouses (and advertising signs on fences). He falls in love with a girl named Ivy whose farmer father views his passion and his freshly painted portrait of Ivy with a curious detachment, knowing that soon she will break the fellow's heart and send him fleeing in the night without payment for his labor of love.

The shortest of the stories reveals the affection and humorous understanding of a husband for his wife while she sits with him in their old car nervously waiting for the moment when she has to enter and climb the stairs to the ladies' Pocahontas Lodge for the ceremony of initiation. They watch a procession of the female Guards of Tepee and Forest, of Pocahontas herself with feathers in her headband, and of the Lodge Treasurer (the Keeper of the Wampum) solemnly pass by. "Don't be nervous," says Mr. Cooper. "I'm critical, and you look fine and smell fine, and you are going to see the mysteries of life in an orderly manner."

In the title story, which is written in the same slightly grotesque mood, this same Emily Cooper is the first to attend the morning meeting of the Pocahontas Ladies' Drill Team. Below the lodge is a firm of undertakers, and the ladies gossip so long about recent deaths, graveyards, cemetery lots, erring lovers, and injudicious wives that their captain, a stalwart and husbandless female named Mrs. Rotunda, has the greatest difficulty in forming them into hollow squares and reversing them by eights.

"Learn to Say Good-by" is concerned with a boy on a small cattle ranch who has lovingly tended a bull calf named Curly until the calf is old enough to win a prize at the fair; then the boy has to watch in agony while the animal is auctioned off to provide prime beefsteaks for plush California restaurants. Another story is concerned with an elderly and humane doctor who has been watching the progress of an undisclosed malady which will soon kill him. An adolescent girl who imagines she is seriously ill visits him, and the old doctor examines her patiently, agrees that she is sick, and sends her away with a box of innocuous pills, knowing that in a week she will be restored to health.

"Tom Wolfe's My Name" is the only story in the collection which departs from the realities of life. It is about a philosophical California textbook salesman who, though he is always asked if he meets any authors, knows that they are "the same tissue of artificial dentures, overdrafts, and unrequited love as the rest of us." In this story a lean, blond man named Sterling, a recluse living alone in his shack, suddenly announces "My name's Thomas Wolfe." "The author of 'Look Homeward, Angel'?" the salesman asks; and later when he has read of the death of the actual Wolfe in New York he enters the bogus Wolfe's shack to discover that he is dead, surrounded by countless pages of manuscript laboriously copied from Wolfe's novels.

—Kay Bell.

Jessamyn West—"tenderness, gentle irony."

In this volume there is no bitterness or hatred, but there is a wealth of tenderness and affection. Miss West is a master of the short story; her writings seem never to be redundant or too short or too long, and her characters, however briefly they may be delineated are living and unique human beings. It is difficult for the reader to decide whether he would prefer her to write novels or to continue to produce collections of short stories.

Notes

SOLDIER IN A NAMELESS ARMY: The material with which René Fülöp-Miller works in his novel **"The Night of Time"** (translated by Richard and Clara Winston, Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75) is commonplace in fiction: soldiers subjected to mindless orders, soldiers holding a position at all costs without knowing why it should be held, and front-line troops forgotten by the high command. Yet Mr. Fülöp-Miller takes this material and transforms it into a novel with all the striking force of a revelation. At the beginning Adam Ember, a soldier in a nameless army which is engaged in a nameless war on some vague eastern European front, is marching with his companions toward an objective they will never reach. Bogging down in murderous mud, they press on to meet death with the pertinacity of lem-

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The Broad Alert

"The New Dimensions of Peace," by Chester Bowles *(Harper & Bros. 391 pp. $4.50), a well-known statesman's studied opinion of the possibilities of peace in our world today. Here it is reviewed by Professor Dexter Perkins of Cornell University, author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy" and other books.*

By Dexter Perkins

THIS book should be required reading for all those who are interested in international politics and in the role of the United States today. It is written by a man who has performed important services to his country in the diplomatic field as the U.S. Ambassador to India; it is the product of wide observation and experience; it is acute in its judgments, broad in its outlook, and generous in its sympathies. And with all its glow it is pervaded by a fine sense of balance and practical good sense.

Mr. Bowles reviews the international scene in Europe and in Asia, and in each case he also reviews the historical background. First of all, he analyzes the position of the Soviet Union in the world today. He finds many reasons to believe that the harshly aggressive character of Russian policy is being altered under the impact of events. He feels that the Kremlin has come to realize that its own faithlessness and expansionist tendencies have worked against its essential interests. Thus the policies of subversion in Western Europe, the tightening of the Soviet hold in the satellites, and the blockade of Berlin all tended to produce a strong reaction on the part of the United States. The result was the Marshall Plan, which brought Europe out of the economic doldrums and into a new and vigorous economic reconstruction. The result, too, was the North Atlantic Pact, the first military alliance ever consummated by the United States in time of peace, and the building up of a military organization competent to give a good account of itself in case of further aggression. At the same time the strain of preparation for war became burdensome to the Soviet economy, while the stress on preparedness in the West actually fortified the economies of the free states against the expected depression. In addition to all this the policies of the Politburo created new difficulties for Soviet agriculture, which is the very core of the Soviet economy, and the emergence of a new and powerful Communist state in the Orient was by no means an unmixed blessing. It meant new demands for assistance from the Kremlin and it suggested the possibility of a powerful rival in the future. Finally, the development of nuclear weapons made Soviet rulers aware of the fact that a new large-scale war could be little less than an enterprise in mutual self-destruction.

Chester Bowles—"acute, broad, generous."

In calling attention to all these things Mr. Bowles never becomes romantic or naive. He believes that our policy of military preparation paid large dividends. He does not favor the letting down of our guard or a relapse into self-complacency with regard to the future. He seems well aware that a sharp change in the military balance in favor of the Kremlin might create new perils.

Next Mr. Bowles turns to an analysis of the situation with regard to China. In common with virtually every well-informed commentator, he rejects the ridiculous hypothesis that the collapse of the Chinese Nationalist regime was due to the inept policy pursued in Washington. The heart of the matter is that the Communists in China came into power because of General Chiang Kai-shek's complete inability to pursue a policy of social reform—a policy which was urgently needed.

In addition, the military capacities of the Nationalists were low; their armies were ill paid, ill commanded, and demoralized; and the result was defeat. As to the regime of General Mao Tse-tung Mr. Bowles has no illusions. It is a brutally totalitarian regime but it has undeniably made important strides in the industrialization of China, in the modernization of the Chinese army, and in the elimination of corruption and self-seeking in Chinese government.

"One enormous hurdle, however, must be overcome by these new leaders," writes Mr. Bowles. "Some 470 out of China's 582 million people live in villages." A free rural society would shake the foundations of Communism. An attempt, on the other hand, to collectivize the peasantry (and this is being attempted) will impose even more severe strains on the Chinese economy than did a similar attempt in Russia. China suffers from a redundant population, and Chinese leaders seem rather lighthearted about this fact. But can agricultural development keep pace with the growth in numbers? Does her rice and grain production leave much hope for increase when already Chinese production on the land is twice that of India and when the amount of new land which may be opened for cultivation is strictly limited? "What the peasant ultimately decides will go far to decide China's future," says Mr. Bowles.

IN stating these things Mr. Bowles does not accept the easy view that they point to an inevitable collapse of the Chinese Communists. Should a desperate and harassed Government in Peking turn towards moderation or towards expansion? Is it not possible that the result of population pressure would be a military advance into the "rich and relatively empty lands of Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaya, and Sumatra"? Or, to put a more agreeable question, will the time come when the vast uncultivated acres of Siberia will beckon to the Chinese? It is not possible to answer these questions. It is only possible to say that the new Communist

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state will face problems of the utmost complexity in the future.

Mr. Bowles then turns to India, and here his understanding and penetrating judgment reach their peak. Americans have fallen into the habit of uncharitable judgment of the Government of Pandit Nehru, largely because that Government refuses to follow the line of the United States. But it is central to an understanding of the Indian problem to recognize that the New Delhi way is in fundamentals opposed to the way of Moscow and Peiping. India is concentrating her efforts on the elevation of the peasantry, without collectivization or centralized control. She has been making a brave effort in this regard. Her gains in agricultural production between 1953 and 1955 amounted to 20 per cent. The amount of irrigated land by 1956 is expected to reach the extraordinary total of 16.7 million acres. The Indian development program has involved a brilliantly conducted war against malaria and a striking modernization of India's railroads. An enormous enterprise is on foot, financed by drastic taxation and manned by an army of civil servants that is being constantly expanded. Can the tempo be maintained? Here again Mr. Bowles is well aware of the difficulties. Will the country submit to the sacrifices that are being demanded or will a period of greater stress come as the situation improves? Unlike the romantics, the author is keenly aware that revolutionary movements do not necessarily arise out of conditions of complete wretchedness but are sometimes the result of expanding hopes and of impatience to go faster and farther than Government policy permits.

Mr. Bowles is particularly interesting on the Indian attitude towards the United States. He recognizes and analyzes acutely the elements in the problem that must be faced. The most significant is the profound reaction against colonialism that penetrates Indian society. Another is the ignorance, even of educated Indians, of the facts that led up to the Cold War. A third, unintelligible to many Americans but related to the second, is the stubborn conviction that Moscow, whatever its faults, earnestly desires peace. A fourth is the Indian sympathy with the efforts of China, however misguided, to emerge from tutelage and to fashion its own destiny in its own way. Finally, the Indians find much to criticize in our own policy and they feel that they understand better than do we some of the critical problems of the Orient. Indian leaders were with us in our intervention in Korea, but they warned us not to advance beyond the Thirty-Eighth Parallel. They gave similar warnings as to our support of the French in Indochina. They were afraid that we would make a third mistake when a clamor arose over Quemoy and Matsu. The reckless language of our Knowlands and McCarthys is taken seriously in India, though most of us at home feel that it is not representative of American opinion.

THESE criticisms do not necessarily mean that the Indians favor the Communists. Mr. Bowles believes that the Indian Government would take its stand "if Chinese policies become clearly expansionist." The Indian Government has already guaranteed the integrity of the border states of Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan. It would, according to the author, probably take a still stronger stand if Cambodia or Laos or Burma were threatened. In the opinion of this reviewer we would do better to recognize the importance of these attitudes rather than to engage in perpetual recrimination and criticism.

The fourth area considered in this fascinating book is Africa. The theme

Cliché

By Gustav Davidson

I'VE SINNED (peccavi!), coupling "star"
With such a bearded rhyme as "far."

I'm guilty too of using "moon"
(Winter or Summer) to go with "June."

In penance once I shut the door
On déclassées like "e'en" and "o'er";

Declared, along with other words,
A moratorium on birds.

But how, by all the gods above,
Avoid that *super*-cliché, love?

I've tried it, and brought down the curses
Of all nine muses on my verses!

* * *

Even the wits who frown on rhyme
Confess to having an awful time

Dodging the trite or the stentorian
For something very post-Victorian,

Or going in for sprung and slant—
Only to find them *au courant.*

Poets, alas, it seems, are such:
Without clichés, they can't do much.

* * *

There's one hope left: the Eliot-Spenders
May yet acquit the old offenders;

Absolve the lark and nightingale,
Restore the lover, wan and pale;

Rescind the taboo on the rose,
Resuscitate the "Ahs" and "Ohs";

Make it, in fact, once more the fashion
To sigh, and pine, and pipe of passion

And for such sins to be forgiven
And go—halfway at least—to heaven.

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here is a simple one. It is that all through that vast continent there is a great awakening, and that the white man faces there a sharp and growing challenge. Only as he recognizes the problem and views with sympathy the aspirations of the native populations is he likely to be able to guide the great transition from colonialism to freedom. This is the major lesson of the Bandung Conference.

THE final sections of Mr. Bowles's book deal with the attitudes and future policies of the United States. He writes from a deep conviction that great as is the task of maintaining our position in the face of the Communist peril we must strive to face it. This means a variety of things. It does *not* mean that we can afford to permit our military power to decay. It does mean, however, that we must be alert to every possibility of understanding in the field of armaments and must open-mindedly consider any reasonable proposal for limitation of those armaments. Even more, it means that we must not exaggerate the significance of military power. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is a proper vehicle for the defense of Europe. But in Asia and Africa the battle against Communism is not a struggle to be won with arms. In the face of vast populations striving to be free and of social conditions which offer a fertile breeding ground for unrest what is needed is not insistence on military alliances but sympathetic intellectual understanding of the problems involved and generous assistance in helping the nations of the East develop their own economies in their own way. We cannot hope for much from our alliances in the Orient when they include only a small fraction of the total population. We must particularly seek to understand India and Japan, the two nations outside the Communist orbit which count most heavily. We must not leave to the Kremlin the advantage in the proffer of economic aid. We must be prudent, of course, in the choice of means. But we must recognize fully the necessity for pursuing the end. There will be difficulties and disappointments. There is no guarantee of success. But there should be, on the other hand, no assumption of failure. The future of the world society may well depend in large measure upon the choices made by the United States.

The program that Mr. Bowles envisages is, indeed, a bold and extensive one. Some of his readers will no doubt think it *too* bold and *too* extensive, and will be sure to put domestic fiscal considerations ahead of great

(*Continued on page 43*)

SCIENCE AND NATURE

The "Drama-Filled Fringe"

***"The Edge of the Sea," by Rachel Carson** (Houghton Mifflin. 276 pp. $3.95), explores life along the fringe of sea and land, a territory missed by Miss Carson in her fascinating best-seller, "The Sea Around Us." Here it is reviewed by N. J. Berrill, author of "The Living Tide" and of the recently published "Man's Emerging Mind."*

By N. J. Berrill

"THE SEA Around Us," with its sweep and depth of the oceans, was destined to have a sequel, for it left the seas without a defining margin. Now in "The Edge of the Sea" Miss Carson has carved the inclosing frame for her original picture, and it is an entrancing work. Unlike her first book, this book is not the story of the sea. It is the story of that drama-filled fringe where the sea meets the land, where the tides ebb and flow according to lunar time, and where a mildly adventurous human being can wander more or less safely, participating to some extent in the peculiar living world which is not entirely of the sea and yet is alien to the land.

There have been many books of this general kind, some of them highly informative, some lavishly illustrated, and some adventurously entertaining; but none of them serves so well to interest and hold the previously uninformed as does this one. The sea's edge can be taken only a small piece at a time. There is an intimacy here, and, though Rachel Carson does not actually take the reader by the hand, she is always close by, looking into tide pools, walking along sandy beaches, or clambering over slippery weed-covered rocks so that you naturally find yourself going along, sharing her experiences, and becoming closely acquainted with the marine animals and plants that she encounters. (Fish hardly make the grade here at all, for they rarely belong in this particular realm of little scenes and small creatures that you can encompass between your hands.)

Rachel Carson—"a good journey."

LIKE its predecessor, the book is permeated by sound biological science. But in this one there is a greater blending of the biologist's understanding and the naturalist's love of first-hand acquaintance with the living world. It is true that in Miss Carson's writing you feel the flow of the incoming tide as it creeps higher among the rocks and weeds and flushes out the sea animals sheltering among them; you see the breath-catching beauty of unfamiliar forms as they fleetingly show their peculiar symmetry, color, and action; and you enter the existence—and the homes—of creatures that are no kin to you except insofar as you share the earth together.

The book has a notable feature: it appeals both to the mind's eye and to the physical eye. For the effects of the text—whether the subject is a loggerhead sponge, a basket starfish, or no more than sand and water—are extraordinarily intensified by the illustrations. Bob Hines's delicate and artistic (but always realistic) sketches are on almost every page, and they are curiously interwoven with the text in such a way that you cannot read the one without simultaneously seeing the other. As a result, the double impact is much stronger than if the two impressions came separately, and so "The Edge of the Sea" becomes the product of two naturalists working in close cooperation, each one scientifically trained and each an artist, the one with a pen and the other with a pencil. Together they take us on a good journey.

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Three Monomaniacal Eyes

"Spider, Egg and Microcosm: Three Men and Three Worlds of Science," by Eugene Kinkead *(Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. $4), describes in* The New Yorker *manner the work of a specialist on spiders, a specialist on bird eggs, and a specialist on microscopic animal life. Our reviewer is Donald Culross Peattie, a well-known writer whose latest book is "A Natural History of Western Trees."*

By Donald Culross Peattie

THOSE who have followed the "Profiles" which have become famous in *The New Yorker* magazine know that when they are good they are very, very clever and that when they are snide they are awful. In slightly altered form the three selections which compose Eugene Kinkead's newly published volume first appeared as *New Yorker* "Profiles" and, happily, these three were (and are) very, very good.

Essentially these three "Profiles" are essays in the art of popularizing science. They deal with the work of Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch, who is an arachnologist (a specialist in spiders), of Dr. Alexis Romanoff, who is perhaps the greatest authority on the eggs of birds (and who is certainly the poultry-raiser's best friend), and of Dr. Roman Vishniac, whose cosmos is the microcosm of animals which are too small to see with the naked eye, but which fill the air, the earth, and the water with billions of lives that outnumber everything else put together.

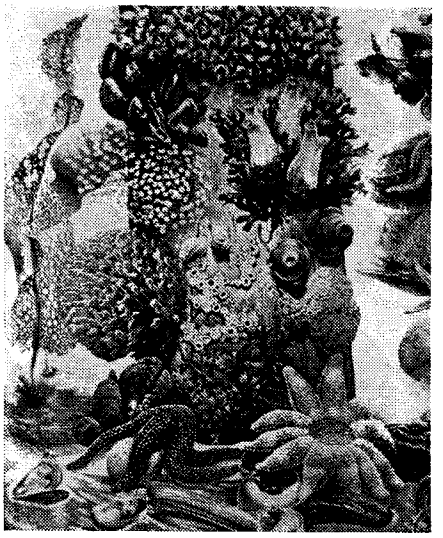
These subjects are shown to us by Mr. Kinkead, through the eyes of the three scientists, and however little you may like spiders or eggs in the raw or protozoa *a priori* you will succumb to the fascinations of each subject because each advocate is an irresistible monomaniac. Thus, Dr. Petrunkevitch enters into a convincing defense of the spider as a creature which neither buzzes nor destroys clothes or crops, devours the timbers in your house, or raids your pantry for sweets, but which, on the contrary, does a great deal of good. Dr. Romanoff's life, if we may believe this account, is almost entirely devoted to the analysis and contemplation and near-worship of the egg. We are told that he reads of nothing but the egg, that when he leaves his laboratory at Cornell he eats eggs almost exclusively, and that he avoids contact with anyone who wishes to talk about anything except the egg. As for Dr. Vishniac, he is portrayed as a man who is tormented with his inability to find the exact spot in a pond in Central Park from which he had taken a jar full of protozoan life and to which he later wished to return these organisms. Says Dr. Vishniac, according to Mr. Kinkead: "If I return them to the wrong part of the shoreline what have I done? I have disrupted family life, and that is a terrible thing to do."

This passage, which we are told is to be taken seriously, is a puzzler. If Dr. Vishniac ever said any such thing, except as a joke, then it is a piece of the most unscientific and mawkish sentimentality. But it is easier to believe that this characterization of Dr. Vishniac's tenderheartedness is, rather, a piece of caricature; for there is an element of caricature in almost all *New Yorker* "Profiles"; they seem to be written as something, in the *New Yorker*'s oft-used words, "to dine-out on for half a season." And even if, like Dr. Romanoff, you never dine out if you can help it you will find gems of surprise, information, and even humor on every page.

Only lacking are some good illustrations. The reader certainly deserves photographs, not caricatures, of these three Russian-born American scientists. But even without illustrations the book may well hold you to reading it at one sitting.

—*Roman Vishniac.*

Eugene Kinkead—"gems of surprise."



—*From "The World We Live In."*

Then and Now

"The World We Live In," by the editorial staff of* Life *magazine and Lincoln Barnett *(Simon & Schuster. 304 pp. $13.50; deluxe edition, $15.50). collects in book form a series of well-publicized illustrated articles on the history of evolution which formerly appeared in that magazine. Our reviewer, John Pfeiffer, has long been covering the field of science for magazines and newspapers.*

By John Pfeiffer

DURING the two-year span ending in December 1954 *Life* magazine featured a series of thirteen long and superbly illustrated science articles about the earth and its natural wonders. These were entitled "The World We Live In," and as a series they were by far the most impressive undertaking of their kind ever published by a mass-circulation magazine. Now the entire series is available in one volume which is complete with the original paintings, photographs, drawings, and maps; and it is a magnificent job.

"The World We Live In" does not confine itself solely to the presentation of scientific knowledge. It also offers an editorial attitude. Lincoln Barnett, the well-known science popularizer who wrote the book, has this to say at the very beginning of his story: "Prisoned in his paved cities, blindfolded by his impulses and necessities, man tends to disregard the system of nature in which he stands."

Later in the same section he writes. "Modern cosmogony impinges on the

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ancient realm of religion. The striking fact is that today their stories seem increasingly to converge."

Set within this framework is the dynamic picture of our place in the scheme of things as this place is revealed in the ever-widening discoveries of modern research. The first part of the book describes the birth, the growth, and the possible fate of the earth, which condensed as a spinning blob out of a "placental cloud of matter" five billion years ago. Some billions of years in the future the sun is expected to swell up and become hotter before it sputters out once and for all. The waters and atmosphere of the earth will boil away, and after that the earth will be too cold to support life. Man or the species which surpasses him will be wiped out. (Another possibility, not mentioned in the book, is that we may have traveled elsewhere to one of the billions of habitable and inhabited planets believed to exist in our galaxy.)

The future may be gloomy but we can still marvel at the past and present. Three sections tell of oceans, of continents, and of the earth's atmosphere, and these sections convey a powerful impression of continual change and restlessness even among inanimate things. Every year 80,000 cubic miles of water evaporate into the skies from the earth's surface and are brought back by rivers and rains. Every year three billion tons of earth are washed into the seas as our Alps and Himalayas and Rockies wear away. Our mountains will be replaced by new mountains, and we can deduce how it will probably happen by studying geological records of times past. These sections deal with cycles, with the shaping of granite and continental contours, with shifting winds, weather, and great tides and currents.

The next four sections describe the changes in life on the earth. The original "organisms" were complex molecules which could reproduce themselves and which ultimately developed into single cells—perhaps the most baffling step of all evolution. A series of imaginative paintings makes up a gallery of later creatures, all of them shown as they have been reconstructed from fossil remains. The coming of warmblooded animals, including man, was foreshadowed during the Age of Dinosaurs in the first mammals, which were puny creatures resembling a cross between a rat and a fox terrier. The remaining sections of the book deal with deserts, Arctic regions, forests, other galaxies, and the expanding universe.

The book's last words are vaguely reminiscent of its opening: "Handicapped by his inadequate conceptions, confined in the prison house of his senses, man can only grope through the twilight that dims both his ultimate horizons—on the one hand the inscrutable universe of the elementary particles, on the other the illimitable universe of space and time. Whether he will ever penetrate them more deeply is a question that can only be answered with hope, not assurance." These words sum up a slender thread of pessimism which runs through "The World We Live In" and which may be a flaw of the entire book. But this flaw is a minor one in a spectacularly successful achievement.

The Long Clock

By Arthur M. Sampley

THE SEA is the long clock, spacing its tripped waves
Not as uncertain man with horologes
Uncertain as himself . . . the globe keeps

Surer pulse, earth cadence, time wash
Of its own motion . . . bells, dim bells at the dark rocks
Cradled and lethal, ringing requiems older

Than death itself and younger; time is not moments
Nor ticking of the clock nor of the fagged breast
Of futile, febrile, skipping man, but tidal

Swelling, insistent impulse, gathering inward,
Filling the wombs of shores, poising and turning
Between the earth and moon on an algebraic

Jewel of lunar space; the sea is the sure clock
Where man, measuring eternity with his wrist watch,
Hears for his little instant the long tolling.

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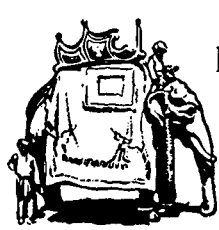

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Visions Gone By

"An Illustrated History of Science," by F. Sherwood Taylor *(with illustrations by Alfred Reginald Thompson. Frederick A. Praeger. 178 pp. $5), combines in pictures and text the history of the great experiments which have brought science to the preeminent position it holds today. Our reviewer, James Stokley, is the author of "Science Remakes the World" and other books.*

By James Stokley

IF ONE picture is worth ten thousand words, then the newly published "An Illustrated History of Science" is equivalent to more than a million words. For Dr. Taylor, who is director of the Science Museum at South Kensington, London, has simply and concisely presented the panorama of science from the ancient Sumeria of some 7,000 years ago up to Einstein and modern nuclear physics.

The book consists of Dr. Taylor's illustrated Christmas lectures which were devoted to this subject at the Royal Institution in 1952. These lectures, which go back for more than a century, have traditionally been adapted to a so-called "juvenile auditory," but this is a circumstance that has not prevented many adult Londoners from hearing some of the greatest names in British science tell in lucid terms of important developments in the field of science.

Experiments and demonstrations have always been a feature of these lectures, and the lectures of Dr. Taylor were no exception: in his six lectures historic scientific experiments were performed, as nearly as possible, in the same fashion as that of their originators. And now in his book a series of realistic illustrations goes far in revealing the historic background and the personalities involved in these experiments. Hero of Alexandria, who lived in the third century A.D. (or perhaps earlier) is shown with his little steam reaction turbine—a toy which was the forerunner of the great machines which now furnish light and power to our cities; Pythagoras is seen demonstrating the relationship between the pitch and the length of the strings of a musical instrument; in 1650, in Holland, Leeuwenhoek observes microorganisms with his small but effective microscope; John Dalton explains his ideas of the atom to his students; Galileo watches a lamp swinging in the Cathedral at Pisa—an observation which led him to discover the laws of the

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pendulum; and Benjamin Franklin draws electricity from the clouds with his kite.

In somewhat more modern times, Heinrich Hertz generates radio waves in 1888 and picks them up at a distance from the transmitter; Sir James Dewar liquefies air; and C. T. R. Wilson works with his cloud chamber, which made visible the actual paths of atomic particles.

Admittedly Dr. Taylor and artist Thompson have not been able to effect precise reproductions of these past events. This is particularly true of those experiments which took place in ancient times, for in most of these cases we do not even have portraits of the individuals involved. But in many of the cases of more recent years there are portraits (and actual apparatus) still in existence. The Royal Institution itself, for example, has the equipment used by Michael Faraday in his pioneer work on the generation of electricity—an experiment in which he moved a coil of wire through the field of a magnet.

In an appendix, the author and the artist explain what led them to depict each event in the way they have done. They cite the authorities, if any, for the details that are shown—and they explain that the pictures are meant "not as authoritative sources, but as a synthesis of what has been transmitted by documents and what the author and artist know about the ways of life in days gone by."

The Deer Come Down

By William D. Mundell

NIGHT in the fields
You can not hear
The shadowed play
Of shadowed deer.

Behind the edge
Of dark they wait
To trespass here
When day is late.

By any sound
You can not claim
Down which night wind
Their shadows came.

By any sight
Of glowing east
No sign betrays
Their anxious feast.

The hour is theirs
Before dawn steals
With warning winds
Down empty fields.

—Morning delays,
The shadows pass,
The winds arrange
The nibbled grass.

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Music on the Mississippi

Continued from page 16

vival hymn and then wrote the following chant, giving the words to some Negroes toiling near the shanty-boat to repair the damage from a devastating storm.

De gospel boat am coming,
Brother, are you sinking down?
Who's dat in de pilot house?
It's Jesus wid a golden crown.

I spent as much time with the shantyboaters as I had with the steamboatmen. Happily, the shantyboaters are still easy to find on the Mississippi. They are as picturesque and fascinating as any storied figure who flourished in the golden days of the river. They lead a life as apart from their fellow Americans as though they were in a different century. With no rent to pay, living by hunting and fishing, sometimes trading part of their catch for flour and sugar at a neighboring plantation, they are America's most rugged individualists. They take orders from no man; they are unknown even to the tax collector. Their music, which is rapidly merging into the hillbilly tune, once had its own peculiar quality, like that of the roustabouts. Their songs, like most folk songs, were generally mournful; often they were grim. I remember once coming on a scene, which I later reproduced in a story, where an old woman lay desperately ill on a shantyboat. Her family and neighbors, all Holy Rollers, sat around the bed and chanted in hypnotic rhythm the strange ritual song "O Death." The chant was a plea to Death to stay away and thus save the sick one from dying:

"What is this that I can see
With icy hands taking hold of me?"
"I am Death and none can't tell.
I open doors to Heaven and Hell.
I'll fix your feet so you can't walk.
I'll lock your jaws so you can't talk.
I'll close your eyes so you can't see.
This very hour come and go with me."

And then the strange pleading chorus, repeated over and over:

"O Death! O Death! O Death!
Please spare me over till another year."

Oddly enough, as I remember, the old lady survived.

For a person who has never run afoul of the law it seems to me that I have spent an unusual amount of time in jail. Long ago I discovered that a jail is a wonderful place for material. Writing as I do about simple, primitive people, I find it a sort of Union Station, a Grand Theatre where the climax of the life of a quick-tempered deckhand or some erring member of a mountain family is enacted. Some of the best folksongs I ever came upon I owe to a visit to a jail.

I needed a song to express a mood in "Everywhere I Roam." I found it in some verses sung to me by a moonshiner in a jail far back in the Cumberlands, a lanky, long-unshaven individual who accompanied himself on a guitar made of a cigar box. I transferred his song in the novel to a record played by a wandering showman on a battered phonograph.

The big bee makes the honey
The little bee makes the comb.
The poor man fights the battle
The rich man stays at home.
Sparrow on the mountain
A sparrow trying to crow.
A dead man trying to shave himself
And a blind man trying to sew.

SOMETIMES I think it's a miracle that I'm alive. Not because of any particular dangers I've gone through, though my life hasn't been exactly placid, but rather because of the terrible food I've eaten. I must have the digestion of a goat, who I believe has one of the hardiest stomachs. For jail food is not epicurean. And despite the truthful legend of wonderful Southern cooking, the legend applies only to the homes; the food in small-town Southern restaurants is appalling. I haven't figured it out exactly, but the

A Babe Is Born

A BABE is born all of a may
In the savasyoun of us
To Him we sing both night and day
Veni creator Spiritus.

At Bethlehem, that blessed place,
The Child of bliss now born He was;
And Him to serve God give us grace,
O lux beata Trinitas.

There came three kings out of the east,
To worship the King that is so free,
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,
A solis ortus cardine.

This 600-year-old English carol, the earliest manuscript of which antedates Chaucer, is sung to a tune in the Dorian mode (from "A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols").

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bowls of dreadful soup and the plate dinners I consume in finding the material for a single novel would probably reach from here to the rings of Saturn. But in the end it's worth the price.

Now and then during my explorations I've come on a fascinating fragment of a song, a few cryptic verses full of suggestion and mystery. But search as I might the rest of the ballad always eluded me. I would put the lines away in my notes, certain that one day I would fit them in somewhere. Such was the case with "Black Nance," the ballad of a Negress burned to death when the jail where she was imprisoned caught fire. All I had heard were these three lines:

Black Nance is dead
And the last words she said
How long has the train been gone

For twenty-five years I'd been saving "Black Nance," waiting for the proper place to use her. And then I wrote "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," and I thought my waiting was ended. I had what seemed the exact spot, an episode in the book suggested by several recent occurrences in the hills, where a courthouse and the jail attached have been burned to destroy some evidence. I put Black Nance in the story as a shadowy figure off in the distance. But, much as I wanted to, I couldn't make her ballad fit. However, I haven't despaired. I'll use Black Nance's song yet.

I'd been saving two other lines for as long a time or even longer, and these I did find a place for in the same novel, a couplet that ran:

Don't trust a yellow-haired woman
Don't trust her if her hair is brown.

I needed something to establish a feeling of disillusionment when Mundy Tolliver, just out of the Army, feels that he has been tricked by the girl he loves. I couldn't find a song I liked. So I took the two lines and, using them as a foundation, wrote a song entitled "False-Hearted," a composition typical of the hillbilly tunes that blare out today on jukeboxes from the Carolinas to Texas:

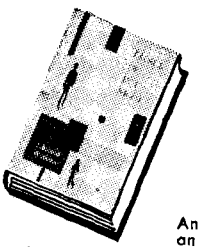
A man'll stand by while you're dying,
And a dog he will cry by your bed.
But a woman'll deceive and betray you,
While her hands are a-cooling your head.
Don't trust a yellow-haired woman,
Don't trust her if her hair is brown.
Don't trust no kind of woman,
She'll always let you down.

The paddlewheels of the packet-books are quiet now and clanking steel cranes have taken the place of the roustabouts rolling their bales of cotton down the steep gangplanks. But when the streamlined towboats of today with their huge tows of grain and automobiles come around a bend into deep water the leadsman can still be heard chanting "No-o-o Bottom." And somewhere I am sure on the winding levee a young Negro looks out at the Mississippi and sings as his father sang before him:

River is so deep and wide
Can't call my baby from the other side.

Illustrations by Alice Caddy (Mrs. Burman): Page 15 from "Blow for a Landing," this page (column one) from "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," and (column two) "Big River to Cross."

holiday highlights



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Saint Julie

IF ONE regards **"The Lark"** as a picturesque and sincere telling of the Joan of Arc legend the American version of Jean Anouilh's play is a shining work of art. Adapter Lillian Hellman has weeded out most of the intellectual asides, chopped up the long speeches, deleted the perhaps too familiar action in which Joan recognizes the Dauphin in disguise, improved the frequently facetious and loose construction, and given the ending an audience-satisfying emotional touch. Director Joseph Anthony has not only brought his rare feeling for theatre artistry to the staging, but has also encouraged the actors to find aspects of their own personalities in the various characters. Jo Mielziner, by use of stained-glass projections plus an interestingly sculpted series of shallow steps, has created an admirable mounting that suggests old cathedrals. His work is reinforced by Leonard Bernstein's chorales and Alvin Colt's rich costumes. But, most important of all, actress Julie Harris with her native innocence and intense devotion is presenting us with a remarkably clean-cut Joan. The luminous turtle-faced star is at her best at the very beginning, when she breaks joyously and consciously into a shepherd's dance as she sets out to re-enact parts of her life. She tells us immediately that this Joan is essentially a little girl by balancing herself child-fashion along an imaginary curbstone.

She reinforces these childlike characteristics when she exhibits panic and terror at first hearing her voices, but lets this emotion melt into genuine joy when she actually sees her saints. Then she shows a winning self-insight behind her bravado, reminiscent of Helen Hayes, as she asks for "a quiet white horse" because she doesn't know how to ride. And at the end of Act I, when she arranges the Dauphin's posture on the throne as if she were playing with her doll, she is still a child able to handle men because of her simple and completely non-sexual audacity. In the second act Miss Harris changes from a happy innocent to a confused little girl facing the terrible pressures of fatigue and questioning. But at the end she returns to her happy child's self, when after being carried off strapped to a stake she returns like a fourteen-year-old girl at a charade dressed in a coronation gown and asking if she may replay her happiest day: "Let's do it, please, if nobody would mind." Miss Harris is indeed most affecting in her quiet moments. When she attempts to shout it out with her judges she blurs into hoarseness, and because she is an actress who works harder onstage than most one feels that her constant tension inhibits her from having a greater variety of mood.

In the supporting cast top honors go to Theodore Bikel. At first it is a shock to find him playing Beaudricourt not as a good-natured blustering dolt but as an over-intelligent voluptuary. However, he makes his interpretation work and seem very real. Joseph Wiseman, whose high degree of fevered style is usually best suited for comedy, plays the Inquisitor as a too-deeply devout ascetic rather than as an omnipotent villain. Christopher Plummer catches Warwick's British insolence without appearing as artificial as a caricaturing actor might be tempted to make him. Boris Karloff makes the archbishop inherently grave, and his passionately stern declamations belie Joan's statement "Monseigneur speaks to me gently."

IF, HOWEVER, one respects Jean Anouilh as one of the world's few great playwrights one must somewhat lament Miss Hellman's pruning. It is true that unsuspenseful construction and digressions are Anouilh's vulnerable points. But in correcting these things she has made the play less provocative than the original and in fact less fertile in ideas than such a fine drama as her own "The Autumn Garden."

Anouilh's original play postulates a Joan as much in danger of becoming a "woman" as she is of execution. After being beaten by her father, who suspects her tale of voices as a dodge to go off with some boy, she is comforted by her mother. Her mother tells her little girl the grown-up woman's secret of how to lead men about by the nose. Joan's voices give her advice. "If you think God is abandoning you, if he leaves an insurmountable obstacle in your path, it is because he has confidence in you. . . . God has not come to make things easier, he has come to make them harder." Joan sets out on her mission and fools Beaudricourt into helping her by making him think that he has thought up the idea himself. Warwick comments, "What is ruling the world if it is not making imbeciles believe they think themselves what we have made them think. No need for any divine intervention here. That's why this scene amuses me."

In Act II, when Joan is defending herself against the charge that she denies God's power to perform miracles, she replies, "God is economical. When two *sous* worth of good sense will do he doesn't go to the expense of a miracle." Later the Inquisitor rises to point out to the ecclesiastical judges that the Holy Inquisition's enemy is not the Devil, who after all is an ex-Angel, one of God's family and organized religion's ally, but Man himself, who insists upon saying No. "Love of man excludes love of God," he says. Finally the archbishop persuades Joan to say Yes to the church's demands. He points out that he and the other judges are risking eternal damnation if they are wrong, while she is risking nothing by submitting to the Church. When Joan is reluctant to desert the king she crowned but failed to lead on to total victory that king asks her to abjure him. "Divine help," he says, "is suspect. It is even more suspect when it stops." After Joan has said Yes the Inquisitor thanks God but laments the love of man that prompted the Archbishop into saving her.

When Joan is remanded to prison Warwick comes to congratulate her on her common sense, saying that a gentleman is always ready to die for honor or his king, but that it is only the riff-raff who get themselves killed for nothing. He paints such an insipid picture of living out a well-arranged life in which marriage is an act of surrender to mortality that Joan suddenly realizes she does not want this happy, dull end. She has been born only since the day she first heard her voices, and she is not going to let this real and vital Joan fade away in a convent or make do with routine comforts. She therefore recants and is about to be burned at the stake when Beaudricourt rushes in to stop it, insisting that they play the coronation scene last. The true end of Joan of Arc's story is not martyrdom at the stake (she has been canonized a saint), but her moment of glory in saving France.

Miss Hellman's version loses much of the above either by rephrasing or by omission. The solid acclaim accorded "The Lark" certainly proves her and producer Kermit Bloomgarden right, and no one doubts their artistic integrity in fashioning the lovely play they have. Yet this "The Lark" has succeeded by being real, not by being, as Anouilh aspired, "truer than the real thing."

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lever to Heaven

DEAR Universal Pictures Corporation:

I am writing this letter on behalf of my Aunt Henrietta, who went with me to see your new picture **"All That Heaven Allows."** She wishes me to thank you for giving her the kind of heartfelt emotional experience she so rarely gets from movies these days. "Why not write the letter yourself?" I suggested to her, but Aunt Henrietta says she has trouble getting words down on paper so they say what they mean. What I did do was find out from her what she liked so much about the movie, and here, as closely as I remember the words, is what she had to say:

"I like movies with a moral and some real philosophy. The moral of this picture is that a woman has the right to find love and happiness, even if her children and friends disapprove. Now you take Rock Hudson in the picture. Anyone can see that he is as nice a young man as comes along these days. He likes trees, and just because he starts out as a gardener is no reason to be snobbish to him. I give that Jane Wyman credit for seeing his true qualities and knowing right away that he's not after her dead husband's money. I wouldn't always approve of a woman of forty marrying a man a good ten years younger, but it's plain as the nose on your face that Rock Hudson would never go for the usual flibbertygibberty blonde young thing who is only out to have a good time and spend a man's money. He would want peace and companionship, and simply because Jane Wyman has two grown children is no reason to doubt she would make him a good wife. Why, she's just as young, and full of life, and attractive at forty as a lot of women fifteen years younger, and she has a lot of good years ahead of her.

"Wasn't that old mill pretty?" Aunt Henrietta went on. "My heart went out to Rock Hudson when he transformed that old mill with his bare hands into a dream cottage for Jane, and then to have it turn to nothing because her son and daughter don't approve of the marriage, and want her to sit and look at TV instead. It just goes to show you, you shouldn't sacrifice your whole life for your children. Those headaches of Jane's were a sign of her true feelings. She knew all along she should have married Rock and thank heaven her doctor had the sense finally to tell her so.

"The end of the picture was real dramatic, with Rock falling off the snow embankment and getting himself a brain concussion. Didn't your heart go out to Jane when she just sat there hour after hour at his bedside, waiting for him to recover consciousness? And then when he opened his eyes and Jane said, 'I've come home, darling,' the lump in my throat was as big as a goose egg. I don't mind telling you, I *cried*."

Sincerely yours,
Hollis Alpert.

* * *

I didn't take my aunt to see **"Diabolique,"** a French movie made by Henri-George Clouzot, and just as well, because it might not have been her type. Clouzot, already noted for his suspenseful handling of "Wages of Fear," sets out to mystify and frighten the audience, and he does so as well as in any movie I've seen in recent years. All the trappings of *Grand Guignol* melodramas are in it: evil murder plots, corpses, screams, and seeming visitations from the dead. Vera Clouzot, the beautiful wife of the director, plays a young lady who has to bear the brunt of the malevolent happenings, and Simone Signoret is equally attractive, if somewhat more diabolical.

* * *

Another very well-done movie is **"The Night My Number Came Up,"** an Ealing Studios production that embroiders a *Saturday Evening Post* article by Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, who wrote of an uncanny experience he had while *en route* by air from Hong Kong to Tokyo. The story has to do with a nightmare, told to the Air Marshal by a companion, involving the British officer and seven other passengers on the flight to Tokyo that will take place next day. The details of the nightmare keep occurring in actuality with more and more regularity, and since the end of the dream was stark tragedy, no one manages to enjoy the trip very much. Michael Redgrave is his competent self as the Air Marshal, and Alexander Knox, Denholm Elliott, and Sheila Sim, among others, share the forebodings. It adds up to a nice, neat little suspense job, put together with skill and the usual British understatement. —Hollis Alpert.

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TV AND RADIO

Thinkful Wishing

THE LAST time I was here I was mumbling irritably about the way all the critics went overboard in praise of a television show which I thought left a lot to be desired. This time I come around with an entirely different story. The critics all tore into a show which I thought was one of the best variety programs I had seen on television in a long long time.

It was "The Shower of Stars," which some weeks ago had Jack Benny and a supporting cast including Gracie Allen, Frankie Lane, Marilyn Maxwell, Gary Crosby, and some assorted helpers in what I fondly believed was an hour of hilarious comedy. To my surprise and dismay the papers the following day sloughed it off with the briefest and most cutting of reviews.

They say that sometimes a critic in reviewing a show may not like what he sees because he ate something which didn't agree with him. So unanimous was this castigation that there must have been the biggest run on Bisodol that night New York has ever seen.

The comedy was variously described as dismal to dreary. Yet in my book there were two spots on the show which got the biggest laughs I've ever heard on television and which alone, not counting the other well-integrated comedy, were worth the price of admission. Mr. Benny, master of the long take, was involved in both. And these were the longest takes television has given us in its eight or nine years of coming into our living rooms, as the saying has it.

One was where Mr. Benny was in the middle of regaling his audience with a story when out walked Gary Crosby and without a glance at the star of the show announced to the audience that when he had been on the show last month he had received countless letters from viewers complaining that he hadn't sung anything. So to make up for it he would now sing. He nodded to the orchestra and sang. During this rendition Mr. Benny silently stood aghast, looking helplessly into the wings for somebody to come to his aid, then looking out at the audience with a most pained expression on his face, trying to make himself comfortable by folding his arms, and finally deciding just to stand there and imagine the whole thing as a terrifying nightmare and brazen it out till he awoke. Gary finished his song to applause and walked off. Then Mr. Benny, with a pause just the right length, which only a master showman can manage, picked up his story on the very word where he had left off before the interruption.

I wish somebody would tell me when they heard a laugh bigger than that. I wish somebody would tell me when an audience was so titillated as that one was during Gary's song as they watched Mr. Benny's discomfort. I wish somebody would tell me what is dismal about that kind of comedy.

Later in the show Mr. Benny tried it again. He came happily on stage with his violin and announced he would attempt to play a difficult composition which is usually played by such great artists as Isaac Stern and Fritz Kreisler. As he was making his introductory speech a little girl wandered up from the audience and stood beside him. He tried in a nice way to shoo her off, but she said she wanted his autograph. To get rid of her he took her autograph book and started to write in it. It was cumbersome writing, with his violin in his arms, so he handed it to her to hold. As he continued merrily to write the autograph the child put the violin under her chin and played the difficult piece Mr. Benny had promised his audience he would play.

During this lengthy number Mr. Benny's consternation was something to behold. Again he looked helplessly around. He wanted to be nice about it, so he couldn't chase the child off. She continued. His quiet burn mounted until, when she was halfway through, he tore the page out of the girl's book where he had written his autograph and crumpled it and threw it away.

Through this episode again the audience was convulsed. And again I wish somebody would point out to me what was dreary about that bit of comedy. For that matter, I wish somebody would tell me what was dismal or dreary about the whole hour. I wish somebody would show me a variety show this season which could equal the one presented that night.

There were some complaints in the reviews about the length of the commercials on the show. The sponsor was introducing his new 1956 cars that night. But I maintain that the commercials were well integrated, contrived humorously, and gave the least amount of pain.

But, even so, is that a reason to dismiss a program of this stature with three or four paragraphs in the newspapers? Maybe it was because the papers that morning were so crammed full of advertisements they couldn't give it more space. At least I wish that's the reason. If it isn't I wish somebody would come and get me.

—GOODMAN ACE.

Winter Memory: The Pond

By Whitney Balliett

NEWBORN, the pond swells toward the sky
within the pale, unfurling wood.
The springs hear of rain, and on warming days
a copper sun pushes slowly up the water,
like an ancient ship to Byzantium,

or later lies tilted in the weeds and mud,
a weight for the frogs to groan of.
Then, the oblivious important turtle appears on the bank,
checking his real estate, and the lily pads pitch
edge to edge as though to confirm their number

against days when the pond reels
brackish in its cup of birches
before the wild reach of leaves,
and the wood's cage around fills again and again
with birds who beat away in giant hands.

Now, beneath the blind white eye that stares
at the skidding clouds nudging and bumping
their bags of snow between the skeleton trees,
the fish keep sluggish vigil, dropping off, one by one,
into cold sleeps, furnished with images of thaw.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debut of Oistrakh—Tebaldi's "Aida"—Anda

DAVID OISTRAKH's American debut in Carnegie Hall was an eminently satisfactory affair, thanks to his own extraordinary gifts: a violinistic art on grand lines and a warmly sensitive musical personality. The Soviet visitor laid out a testing program of Beethoven (Op. 12, No. 1), Prokofiev (Op. 80), and Tartini ("Devil's Trill") sonatas and left no doubt that this was his repertoire and he a master of it.

Greeted with friendly applause by a tea-time audience that filled the hall and its stage seats (Oistrakh's answering smile was a happy augury of things to come), he went through the early Beethoven—a pleasant piece of no special distinction—with ease but somewhat in second gear, as if listening to what was coming back from the auditorium. With the Prokofiev, however, he was off in a surge of energy that kept this work at a high level of listener absorption from first to last.

It is neither a new nor an unfamiliar piece here, but Oistrakh disclosed qualities in it that placed it even higher among violinistic works of recent time. In addition to a suitable amount of Prokofiev's *diablerie,* it has an enchanting slow movement and a recurrent passage, muted, of running figures from top to bottom of the fingerboard, to which the player gave magical effect. Oistrakh played it as though he owned it—which in a sense he does, as it bears a dedication (1946) to him. The cheers with which he and pianist Vladimir Yamplosky (also from the USSR) were rewarded came from the heart as well as the throat.

In all that followed—Tartini, Ysaye's fiendishly difficult unaccompanied Sonata Ballade No. 3, and a scattering of short pieces—Oistrakh worked at a high level of musical and artistic efficiency. His is a virile art, soundly controlled by a thoroughly mature musical intellect. There is little ostentation in his platform manner and no exaggerated gestures, either technical or "temperamental," in his music-making. It is four-square, full-fashioned, and decidedly unperfumed. He drew a superbly vibrant and iridescent tone from the state-owned Strad he used, achieving some of his most notable effects in *piano* or *pianissimo,* which through the infinitely even fall of the fingers on the strings and the taut contact of bow with strings emerged with resonant purity. Like most first-rank violinists, Oistrakh has a superbly disciplined left hand; but he matches the true elite through a whiplike control of the right (bow) arm, with which he can perform miracles of articulation. As is well known, the right arm is the equivalent, for the string-player, of the singer's breath; and Oistrakh is a Flagstad in this department. If more need be said, there will be many more occasions on which to say it—Moscow willing. Oistrakh has landed and has the violinistic situation well in hand.

Doubtless Oistrakh would be playing encores till midnight had the evening rights to the hall not belonged to Nathan Milstein, who displayed violinistic art of a high order to another large audience. He too played Tartini's "Devil's Trill" (in the Kreisler version), also the D minor Partita of Bach, climaxed by a finely-formed, warmly-felt, and wholly musical performance of the Chaconne. Though Oistrakh had finished his history-making chore but an hour before he was present in a box to hear his old Odessa friend in fine fettle. And Mischa Elman, who had begun the day by playing Mendelssohn with the Philharmonic, was again on hand as a mellow Mine Host for Milstein as he had been for Oistrakh.

THOUGH Rudolf Bing had only promised two unfamiliar singers for the first week of the Metropolitan season there were, in fact, three—the last being the "new" Renata Tebaldi, who affects a stagey manner, repeats "Vissi d'arte" (this was in a San Francisco "Tosca"), and otherwise distorts the image of the appealing artist welcomed here last season in "Otello," "Bohème," and "Andrea Chenier." Her first appearance as Aida in New York was a non-subscription affair, meaning that the house was brought out in large part by her partisans, who cheered and bravoed for the high notes and loud climaxes, while ignoring those moments ("Numi pieta," for example) in which Tebaldi did her best singing.

This, it might be justly said, is hardly the artist's fault, but the emphasis of the Tebaldi performance tended to point up those effects which would draw the loudest response—hard-driven climaxes, a tortured drawing out of the lyric phrases, and exaggerated posturing on the stage. Occasionally she relaxed her throat and let the true quality of the voice assert itself, but those moments were too few, the communication of emotion too theatrical to add to a convincing impersonation. Aside from a tightfitting sarong-like costume she looked an impressive Ethiopian, striking more of a dramatic contrast with Amneris than the average Aida. However, she needs disciplining in the musical aspects of the role which Fausto Cleva did not provide at the conductor's desk. He conducted with ample energy save when the "name" singers were taking liberties to suit themselves.

The Radames of this rather circusy affair was Mario Ortica, newly arrived from Italy—one might say too newly arrived. Though Ortica is obviously young and insufficiently seasoned for the Metropolitan, his lacks were more the blame of the management (it was said he had never sung the part before!) than of himself. He would not risk more than an A in "Celeste Aida" (an aria very seldom moved down for a tenor, as its top tone is merely B flat) and he was equally under pressure throughout. If there were a game law to protect humans as well as animals Bing would have to throw Ortica back as not being up to size. Basically the voice has a ring, but Radames was a struggle for him in the company of such robust-voiced singers at Ettore Bastianini, whose Amonasro is ever-improving, and the resonant George Tozzi as the High Priest. The Amneris was

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 649

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 649 will be found in the next issue.

TE C FHNP'J RLRZ YHHU

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 648

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Blanche Thebom, whose elaborate wig made her look more Hiawatha than Egyptian Princess, but she often sang well.

Herman Uhde, who has been heard in most of the leading German opera theatres, was introduced as Telramund in "Lohengrin," giving a sturdy account of this villainous character. He has a big if not overly rich voice, which he uses in a confident, knowing manner. Telramund is a role that has made many a good voice sound rough, and it is possible that Uhde will sound better, while acting as well, in a more grateful part. Also unfamiliar was the King of Otto Edelmann, strongly sung within his comfortable range but lacking the low tones to make an all-round impression in this part.

The cast was otherwise composed of such Metropolitan stalwarts as Eleanor Steber, Brian Sullivan, and Margaret Harshaw, all of whom linger in the area of "creditable" without attaining real distinction. For whatever reason, there was an inordinate amount of offpitch singing in the ensembles, especially evident in so "pure" a diatonic work as "Lohengrin." Fritz Stiedry conducted with a methodical emphasis on the longest distance between two points.

As the first sample of work executed under commission to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary season, the Boston Symphony directed by Charles Munch offered the Sixth Symphony of Darius Milhaud at its initial Carnegie Hall concert. Like most symphonies, it has four movements but, unlike most durable ones, it propounds little that is tangible in mood or substantially symphonic in sound. It is full of Milhaud's skilled felicity in moving about in a compositional design, but the structure is skimpy for the name it bears. A symphony which is preceded by Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music" (a sweet melodic gesture to the memory of the late Olin Downes) and followed by Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro" before the intermission can hardly be termed expansive. Bernard Zighera was the able harp soloist.

—Irving Kolodin.

* * *

FOLLOWING his Carnegie Hall appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, Geza Anda gave a Town Hall recital, anticipated as an event of excellence. The recital left one puzzled and disquieted.

The program contained revealing masterworks. The playing disclosed a lyrical tone and a feathery facility which glitters when it is under control. Beyond this Anda misconceived elements, distorted rhythms, mooned over melodies, and sectionalized everything. The tender *Allegretto* of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 101 was colorless, the *Alla Marcia* without heroism, the *Adagio* languished over. Only the fugue of the last movement began to suggest the dramatic action of large forms, but midway that fell apart. The principal statement in the Preamble of Schumann's "Carnaval" had both breadth and style. His concept of the ensuing sections was so false to their characters as to render critical judgment superfluous.

The Bartok Suite, Op. 14, was awaited in the hope that Anda, like so many contemporaries, would find twentieth-century music less alien. One hoped in vain: the same mannerisms prevailed. In the Paganini-Brahms Variations, with the exception of some fine flashes in the first two variations and in the tenth of Book Two, speed often substituted for clarity (as in the last variation), excessive lingering for expressivity in the songful ones. He simply omitted the final challenging pages of Variation 14 in Book One. *Ritards* galore, as at the end of the *glissando*-octave variation, didn't help matters either.

Anda is unquestionably gifted. On this occasion, however, his playing displayed such a lack of discipline and scholarship that one seriously questions the wisdom that booked him so widely at this time.

—Abram Chasins.

Voice

By Hannah Kahn

. . . standing alone by the sea
with mist on your face,
brushing aside the spray,
did you know, did you hear
my voice
in the waves that fell
and broke at your feet . . .

My ashes were scattered on water
like specks out of time . . .
luminous by moonlight,
dulled by dawn,
clinging to bits of seaweed,
drifting toward shore.

Look long, look close at each wave,
you will know . . . you will hear . . .

Cup your hand that the water be in it
then open it wide
till water runs free through your fingers

that I who was once part of earth
again shall be
funneled through channels of sand,
returned to the sea.

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The World

Continued from page 30

decisions in the foreign field. But, whether one accepts the full program or not, it seems clear to the reviewer that a narrow view of this nation's responsibilities will in the long run be more dangerous to the safety and the economic health of this nation than a wisely administered and vigorous policy of international collaboration could possibly be. Mr. Bowles pleads his case with skill and enthusiasm. Even from those who are startled by such large commitments he deserves a careful hearing.

Grace and Gavel

DIVINE JURISPRUDENCE: The author of **"Fountain of Justice: A Study in the Natural Law"** is a distinguished scholar and diplomat. Trained in the law at Michigan, Harvard, Paris, and Berlin, John C. H. Wu has been Chief Justice of the Provisional Court of Shanghai, a member of the Legislative Yuan of the Nationalist Government of China, and Minister Plenipotentiary of that Government to the Holy See. At present he is Professor of Law at the Seton Hall University School of Law. If memory is not seriously mistaken he was also at one time a prominent correspondent of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. But Dr. Wu does not belong to the Holmes school of legal philosophy. On the contrary, as any sentence in this volume will indicate, he has adopted a Roman Catholic position and sees the law always in a religious frame of reference. A learned man, and one especially versed in Thomistic jurisprudence, he takes a special pleasure in teaching that the law is a kind of emanation of grace. The fountain of justice and of law is to be sought in the spirit and teachings of Christ. In exemplification of his thesis he treats in his prologue such basic conceptions as the eternal law, the natural law, and the human law; and he attends in succeeding sections (and in all cases too briefly) to the great English and American masters of jurisprudence. He deals with law "in the School of Christ" and he finally compares the idea of law with the ideas of the true, the good, and the beautiful—all of which, being so rigidly attached to Scholasticism, has the advantage of also being insusceptible to refutation by the ordinary methods of a positivistic or a sociological jurisprudence.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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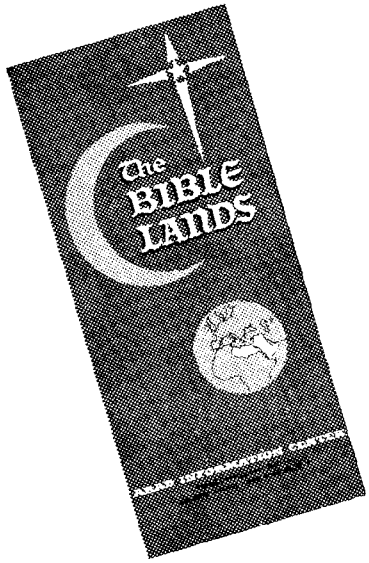

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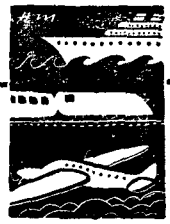

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Planter's Brunch

Said George Washington of the prospect in 1751: "Extensive by land and pleasant by sea."

THINGS are certainly touch-and-go on the green island of Barbados, whither I flew on a test run of the new British Viscounts that will be, as you read this, inaugurating service from New York to Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Barbados, and Trinidad. Having slashed my way through the mountains of pink coral, the pristine jungles, and the waterfalls of local rum, I was somewhat disquieted to read the sign tacked on a tree beside the dining salon of the Coral Reef Club in Barbados enjoining customers not to eat the apples, as they are poisonous.

I was still reflecting on that macabre bulletin, which I found tacked on the wall of my bungalow as well, when I repaired the next day to a Planter's Breakfast armed only with a feeling of great trepidation, a small hangover, and the words of a Barbadian woman explaining just what goes on at a Planter's Breakfast. "They arrive around noon, eat an enormous meal, and drink like stink," she had said.

Arriving at the Miramar, a delightful little inn by the sea that only recently was a private estate, I found everyone drinking at least like parched lapdogs, and an enormous meal laid out on the table. The foundation of a Planter's Breakfast, I soon came to know, is a bubbling catchall known as a pepper-pot. Originally devised in the days when Barbados sugar-cane plantations were miles from the nearest delicatessen, the pepper-pot normally includes leftover chicken, turkey, and beef, all preserved by the addition of a magic herb called *cassareep* which is imported from British Guiana. To avoid congealing into utter muck the pepper-pot must be brought to a boil every twenty-four hours. The pepper-pot with which I opened breakfast negotiations that infamous morning could have come to a boil on its own power at a moment's notice.

One could slake the burning coals with pallid breadfruit, with slices of sweet potato, or, if one were dauntless, with casava cake, a local staple that looks like wizened toast. I say "dauntless" because I committed the error of asking whence casava cake came. A short plumpish islander who refused to give his name disclosed

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that it derives from a root rather similar to a potato; that it is grated, sifted into tubes, and then kneaded so that the juice runs off. The juice, my informant said, smells like almond and contains prussic acid, a poison that would have you ready for planting in three seconds flat. "That's the truth," he said. Then calling on an ancient Devonshire phrase he added, "I know, I be doctor."

Steering a clear berth of the apples and the casava cake I am, with some luck, here to tell you that planters also breakfast on whole roast suckling pig still in its leather jacket with cherries for eyes and a lime in its mouth. What you would also have to look at in the morning, were you a cane planter, would be flying-fish pie and black pudding and souse. Flying fishes play off the coast of Barbados, and a famed flying-fish fleet provides an attractive silhouette on the coastline and puts into its own harbor at Bathsheba each seasonal day shortly after noon.

As for black pudding it is dark, gelatinous blood and crumbs stuffed into jackets of intestines—"a sort of haggis," a waiter explained. Black pudding is always accompanied by souse—marinated pork which has been inebriated in a mash of cucumbers, onions, and vinegar. The beverage is the rum punch. "They all go to town on it," a gentle gray-haired woman told me, "then they sleep like boa constrictors." Before dozing in the snake-pit I did manage breakfast's dessert, which was coconut cake and guavas—even they were stewed—awash in a flood of coconut cream.

Hurricane Hazel—or was it Imogene—made a bit of a mess in Barbados, collapsing a theatre, lifting the roofs from houses, killing thirty citizens, and siphoning sand from the fine beaches especially along the west shore. The Coral Reef Club in the parish of St. James lost much of its sand, but next door, separated only by a lagoon that eddies into the sea, the Colony Club fared better. There still is enough beach here to slumber on; there is a fine curve of sand just to the north and one can swim from it without restriction.

The winds did little to the Australian pines, or *casuarina* trees—as they call them here—and their green filigree network casts a soft shade over the lawns. While sprawled like a man on the rack over one of the Colony's ingenious chairs designed for utter collapse, one can be regaled alternately by the whispers of the *casuarinas* or the mellifluous intonements of local artisans who come down with their wares—traditional endtables of highly polished mahogany or modern coffee-tables of inlaid fruit woods. The legs knock down for easy shipment,

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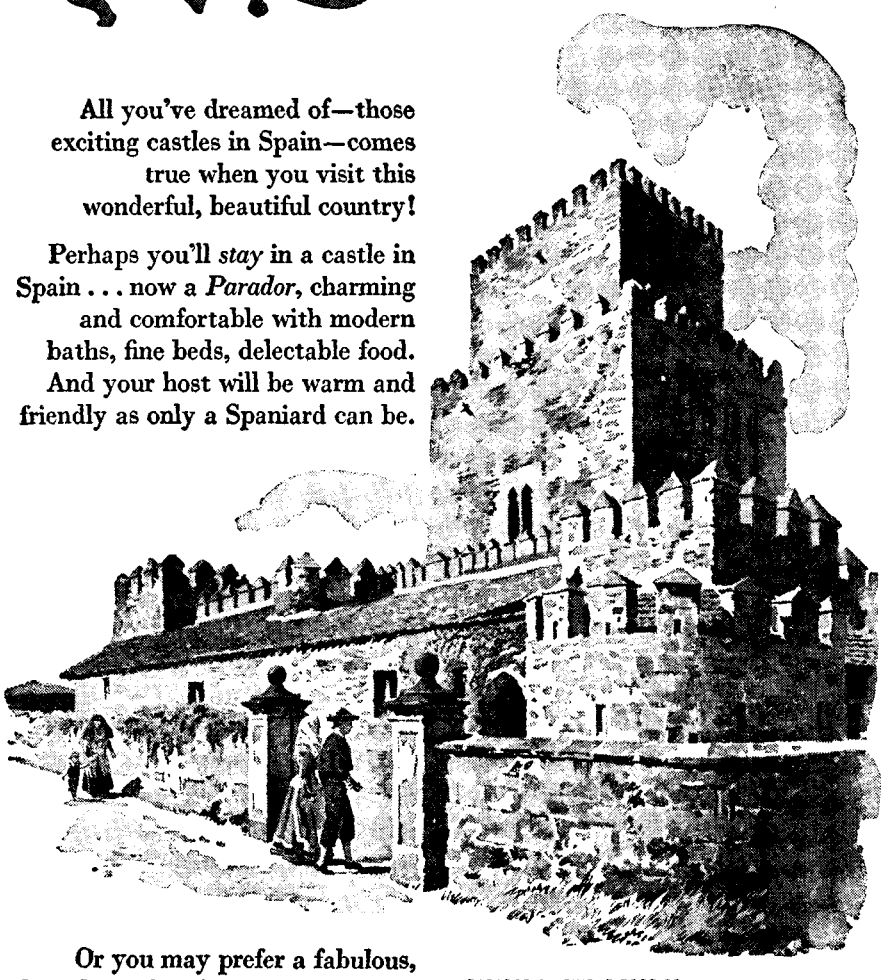

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and dozens and dozens, one is assured, have been carted off to America, to Britain, to Canada, and to Venezuela, the four main sources of Barbadian tourism. Other types, who work the reefs offshore where the sea-eggs lurk, offer giant sea-fans a yard in diameter, pink conch shells, the jawbones of sharks inlaid with even rows of razor teeth, and other useful items.

Generous travelers since last I was here a few years ago have caused these tropical *ziegeuners* to lose the difference between a BWI (or beewee) dollar and a U.S. dollar. A beewee dollar is worth sixty cents U.S., but it is getting so the local currency is being disdained. I can't say I quite blame anybody, since the hotels along the coast have priced themselves with some of the world's best resorts. The Coral Reef Club and the Miramar, for instance, are $18 a day for singles and as much as $41 a day for two. The old Barbados bargains still exist in some of the townside hotels and guest houses, where you can get by for as low as $5 a day (U.S.) food included, and some of the smaller beach-clubs, where the tariff is about $7 to $8 a day with meals. Fair enough, there, indeed.

ABOUT the best place I found for spending dollars, green or beewee, is the English Shop in St. James, but the island has still not developed its markets in the manner perfected by Jamaica and particularly Nassau. Still, Bridgetown is an immensely interesting tropical metropolis in which to stroll, for it hasn't quite made up its mind whether to be West Indian or English. The statue of Nelson looks down with some severity upon Trafalgar Square. The harbor police who row through the Careenage, where island schooners tie up, are dressed in Nelsonian uniforms of bell-bottomed trousers, middies, and flat skimmers.

One inevitable sight for all Americans setting foot on Barbados is the house near the Royal Barbados Yacht

—*British West Indian Airways.*

Bridgetown—"West Indian or English?"

Club where Lawrence Washington and his brother George are believed to have stayed. They certainly were on the island, all right, arriving the morning of November 3, 1751, when George was not yet twenty. Lawrence was convalescing and, although the climate may have proven beneficial to him, George, while avoiding lethal casava and unfriendly apples, managed to contract smallpox. Whichever house the Washingtons lived in, George's daily journal described the prospect as "extensive by land and pleasant by sea." They were, he regretted, "obliged to give £15 per month exclusive of liquors and washing."

All the same, wrote George, "We command the prospect of Carlisle Bay and all the shipping in such a manner that none can go in or out without being open to our view." Lying prone on a float anchored 100 yards or so off the Coral Reef Club the other day, with the healing sun searing deep into the marrow, the prospect was indeed pleasant by the sea. A flotilla of French warships that had lately been visiting in Barbados came open to my view. There would be, I recall thinking at the time, many a windblown winter's morning when for the sand, the sun, and the ships dropping behind the CinemaScope sea I would gladly oblige with £15 a month and, if need be, take in washing.

—Horace Sutton.

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Fiction

Continued from page 27

mings rushing to the sea. Adam, however, being possessed of an individualism and a vision that can often penetrate the delusive surfaces of life (and having escaped the fate of his companions), is caught up by other gears of the military machine and endures a succession of experiences that are by turns horrible, absurd, and uproariously comical. Clearly Mr. Fülöp-Miller's war is no single war. It is War itself, and in his depiction of it he employs a versatility of method that is almost dazzling in its brilliance. At one moment he is a stern realist, at another a mad surrealist; but he is always mad with a purpose. He uses fantasy to shed light on reality, and his novel concludes with an apocalypse which, beautifully translated by Richard and Clara Winston, is a triumph of style and imagination. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

A CASUAL GOODNIGHT KISS: If you are a worried and conservative aunt shopping for a young relative of modest intelligence and docile tastes Humphrey Pakington's **"The Vynes of Vyne Court"** (Norton, $3.50) is the book for you. It is the story of a young man who gets entangled in romance—though the word romance is really too strong a word for it—and of the machinations of the greedy relatives and the plotting friends who surround this young man. Amazingly enough, the setting seems to be contemporary, difficult as this is to believe in view of the fact that one of our hero's girl friends assumes that she has been formally proposed to simply because he has given her what appears to be an exceedingly casual goodnight kiss.

This impressionable young girl, it turns out, is not at all the girl our hero should marry, but, happily for everybody, the path of true love is cleared before the end of the book.

Those who help to clear it are an incredible collection of stock characters, ranging from a crochety grandmother (who, in this case, is known as Grumsie) to a former chorus girl (who is now Lady Swinford) and an elderly father who should (but doesn't) keep you in stitches with his maunderings about his crossword puzzle definitions. There are also a wicked sister-in-law who keeps trying to push our hero into an advantageous marriage (an ambition which is considered criminal in this novel) and a young lord, most of whose dialogue seems to amount to an

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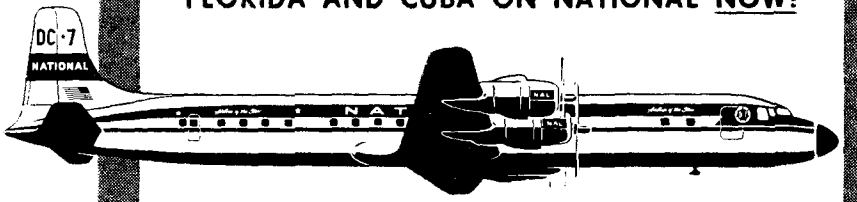

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occasional "Harrumph." All this adds up to a combination of P. G. Wodehouse and Angela Thirkell, but, unhappily, it is a combination which has been thoroughly drained of all the humor and interest with which Mr. Wodehouse and Mrs. Thirkell manage to impart quality to their long series of books in the same genre.

—AL HINE.

WANDERER IN THE CITY OF LIGHT: Peter Matthiessen's new novel, **"Partisans,"** (Viking, $3) describes a young man's deliberate, self-conscious search for the values by which he can live at peace with himself in the mid-twentieth century. In it, Barney Sands, a newspaperman living in Paris, hears that a dedicated People's Revolutionist named Jacobi, whom he had once met and by whom he had been deeply, if dormantly, impressed, has fallen out of favor with the Communist Party and is being held prisoner while his "official" downfall is being prepared. Suddenly filled with a sense of mission, Barney determines to locate him, feeling that a meeting with Jacobi will help clarify some of his own problems. Working through Party agents and contacts, he allows himself to be used in an exhausting cat-and-mouse game in which he is both bait and quarry, and this leads him into sections of the City of Light where he is met with the kind of human degradation which a Zola or a Hugo could have conveyed with nightmare reality. When he is finally allowed to see the object of his search he discovers that Jacobi's knife-edge of certainty has become dulled, and neither of the men is of much help to the other.

Barney's vague decision to return to the U.S. in order to try to right the world's wrongs from his own backyard is not an unusual one. Given the picture of him which the author presents, the decision is one that he might well have been expected to make without all this to-do. As a writer Mr. Matthiessen is of serious temperament, and his first novel, "Race Rock," evinced considerable literary talent. In "Partisans" he is at his best when explaining various ideological positions, but he fails to dramatize them in the way that the story obviously demands. He seems almost uncomfortable with his subject.

Some of the writing is forced, even awkwardly naive, as if a meteorologist had been assigned to write a lyric poem about a thunderstorm. There are a few good scenes, in which events threaten to spring into a life of their own, but in the main the book is without vigor or imaginative grasp.

—JEROME STONE.

Block That Rejection Slip!

Continued from page 17

framing your rejections. For instance, don't do what a house near 34th Street did. That is, return a manuscript to a woman with the comment that it was really only "a magazine article," when that woman specifically stated that what she submitted was a sample chapter.

Letters of submission are worth rereading for several reasons. Besides saving you from such gaffes they often provide a good jumping-off place for discussion. Such as, "As you yourself suggested, it is really not our sort of book." But even if you are going to ignore the authors' letters, as many editors do, at least shake the manuscript out before asking the author to come and pick it up. It adds insult to injury for him to get his own letter back as well as the manuscript.

The question of how much criticism to include in a letter of rejection is a ticklish one. On the whole I would say this: Don't feel you are in the position of a reviewer who is paid to criticize by his newspaper or magazine. You neither have to give the whole truth nor do you have to prove your critical faculties. A good yardstick for criticism, it seems to me, is whether or not it is helpful. The fact that your phrase of devastation is one you are personally proud of is not a sufficient cause for inclusion. A writer, who has struggled for clarity and simplicity, does not enjoy being told he has thought too much of the "nourishment" of his material and not enough of its "palatability."

The person you are writing to is the author, and not the general public. What a writer finds helpful is detailed criticism. Thus, he hates such pompous phrases as "you have not omitted much that you should," or the more slangy "there is really a great deal too much in the book." He would much rather have his attention called specifically to one or two sequences that you felt were overloaded.

The writer also hates criticism that is meaningless when it is unqualified. "Too long," stated without any hint as to why the length is excessive, is a sample. "Too long" can mean many things. It may mean too long for the interest or importance of its subject matter. Or it may mean—and often does in publishing circles—(a) too long for the attention span of the busy contemporary reader or (b) too long to be manufactured economically enough to earn back its cost in numbers of copies sold. A writer who is a serious artist is willing to face these last two meanings. But to be told a work, into which he has poured his heart and soul, is "too long," period . . . !

It is equally bewildering and frustrating for a writer to be told his or her work is "too personal." The retort is likely to be: Were Ethel Waters's and Lillian Roth's books too personal? Obviously readers have always loved the deeply personal. The criticism is only meaningful if it is qualified in such a way as "too personal on a trivial level," or "too individual to stir the identification feelings of enough people."

But perhaps the type of criticism you should avoid most assiduously is taking a manuscript to task for failing to be something it never intended to be. You only make yourself appear foolish when you criticize a book that is meant to be suggestive and definitely *non-conclusive* by saying it is "not quite pointed enough." You do the same when you say a travel narrative "would not make a useful guide book." Ditto when you dismiss a manuscript that is sharply critical on the grounds that it is "not inspiring."

Another tip. If you have decided to include criticism try to see that it is balanced. If a work is worth criticism it must have some merits. There will be balance in what you say if you mention the good points as well as your strictures. Then you won't seem strikingly unperceptive, if the author

Cottontail in Snow

By Mary Ballard Duryee

FORE feet, hind feet leap and land
In deft maneuvers nicely planned
And through the storms' unbridled wrath
Forge you an intrepid path.

Too well the prowling weasels know
The stencilled tracks on winter snow
And tell-tale circles by the fence
Where rabbits sat in conference.

How cold, how dangerous the night
That sees you make your furry flight,
Ears buttoned back, pink nose a-sniff,
And icy whiskers frozen stiff.

As whirling drifts obscure my view
I see the very last of you,
Raising against the heedless gale
Your flag of truce—a cotton tail!

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is one who views you with a jaundiced eye. Or the work won't seem a dismal failure with no health in it, if the writer is one who looks on you as an oracle.

In many ways book-publishing as it stands now is a gamble. I would suggest that you acknowledge this far more candidly in your letters of rejection and add, simply, something to the effect that "We are sorry but we just don't want to gamble our hard-earned money on this particular manuscript." Such a statement, it seems to me, is far more acceptable than such worn-out cliches as "unsuitable to our publishing needs," "not a strong contender for marketing honors," "difficult to place market-wise," "We cannot convince ourselves that there is a market we can reach of sufficient size," "We cannot fit it into our very limited list," and so on.

I am sorry if I have gone on at too great length. But there are two factors that have made me feel such detail is worth giving. They are both factors that I would judge you harassed and overburdened editors too often overlook. The first is that the bulk of authors to whom you have to write letters of rejection are inexperienced and, what's more, probably young. Being inexperienced they stand in awe of you. To them you are not an individual who might very well be fallible. You are the signature under the letterhead of a famous publishing house. Thus what you say goes deeply home and is often taken with far more seriousness than, if you'll forgive me saying so, it sometimes deserves. An author who is on the right track in developing his individual gifts can perhaps be thrown off his true course for some time by unconsidered advice you might choose to give. And, oh, how a writer who has not found himself and who lacks confidence can be discouraged by what you say! Discouraged enough, in fact, to inhibit his whole productivity.

The second consideration is that in most cases you are the writer's *first* reader. He has slaved for a long time in creating what he submits to you. In many cases he has no idea of the true worth of what he has done. And I think it fairly generally true that the more important a thing an author has tried to accomplish the less he is able to judge himself whether or not he has succeeded. Therefore, remember how much the writer's feelings hang upon your judgment. He respects your judgment, otherwise he wouldn't have submitted his work to you. Take a little more time, give a little more thought. Make your judgment worthy of respect. Above all, be kinder.

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THE FINE ARTS

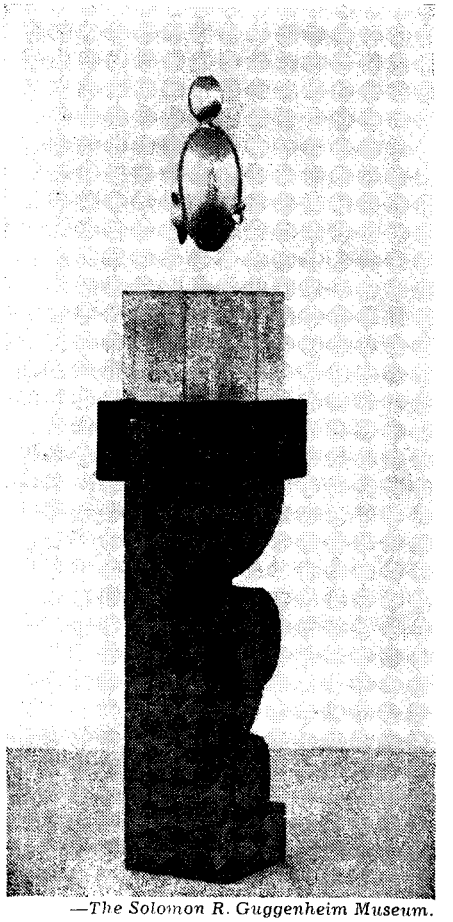
Constantin Brancusi

THE *Impasse Ronsin* off the Rue de Vaugirard on Paris' Left Bank is, as its name implies, a dead-end alleyway where stands the studio of the world's finest living sculptor—Constantin Brancusi, whose art is currently on display at the Guggenheim Museum in New York and will later be seen at the Philadelphia Museum.

Brancusi's studio is in itself unforgettable. Approached by a small courtyard on which are strewn vast slabs of stone and old timbers of varying dimensions and hue, the building gives the impression of a beachcomber's shelter erected by an eccentric of genius. The illusion of a seashore setting is heightened when Brancusi himself, clad in white with knitted cap, opens the door, suspiciously at first and then with warmth in his bright, bright eyes, his small frame enlivened by a curious dancing motion. His beard is streaked with plaster dust and stained by nicotine. (When I saw him after the war he was smoking with a Denicotea holder for his health's sake. A year later he still had the holder but asked me whether, as an American conversant with such practical matters, I didn't think it time at last to change the filter!)

"Come in, come in," he says. "But I am very ill." And promptly darts off with amazing spryness to pull the protective cloths from his polished bronzes or to start the motor on the revolving pedestal of his "Leda." "This," he says, pointing to one of his many stone carvings, "is a turtle trying to fly. It's droll. And this is a portrait of a woman so vain she took a mirror with her even to dinner parties. Her head is bent to catch her reflection as she eats." Then whirling again in his strange little dance, he adds: "Yes, I would like to come to America. But only if I can travel like King Farouk, in great style, with concubines, servants, and music and many staterooms." Suddenly he becomes solemn and brings out a large pile of the photographs he himself has always taken of his sculptures. "You see there is still so much to finish; I have no time for anything but work. And it makes me angry when someone else tries to photograph my sculptures; they don't understand at all." Brancusi's bitterness toward photographers who have tried to interpret his work is equaled by his bitterness toward those who have placed his sculptures on pedestals not of his own making. "No pedestals," he told James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim Museum, when the latter was arranging for his current show. And, in accordance with Brancusi's firm request, only the sculptor's own pedestals have been used, forming an integral part of his work.

In one corner of the studio on the *Impasse Ronsin* stand four versions in wood of one of the master's most famed projects—the "Endless Column." Brancusi seems to have carved the first of these columns for his own pleasure at the end of World War I. Since then he has made many variants, the most ambitious being one in metal that rears ninety-eight feet high in a park in the Rumanian town of Targujiu, near Brancusi's birthplace. The balance of even the smallest of these columns is a *tour de force* of the finest order. One might expect them to topple at the slightest touch. Instead they are incalculably firm on their stone, metal, or wood bases. Indeed, they seem as firm as the "Endless Column" Brancusi once carved from a live poplar on the estate of a friend—a gesture of spontaneity rather unexpected in an artist of his meditative cast of mind, but not at all untypical, his close friends assure me.



—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

"Blond Negress"—"simple, restrained."

"You see," Brancusi says in explaining his fascination with the theme of the "Endless Column," "even the Pyramids end somewhere in a point. My columns need not end anywhere, but can go on and on." The statement typifies Brancusi's mysticism of thought, nourished by Far Eastern philosophy and, most particularly, the writings of the eleventh-century Tibetan monk Milarepa. As recently quoted in *Time* magazine, Brancusi has said, "I think a true form ought to suggest infinity. The surfaces ought to look as though they went on forever, as though they proceeded out from the mass into some perfect and complete existence." Those who see in Brancusi's more crystalline forms merely esthetic purity are gravely mistaken. What has always given his

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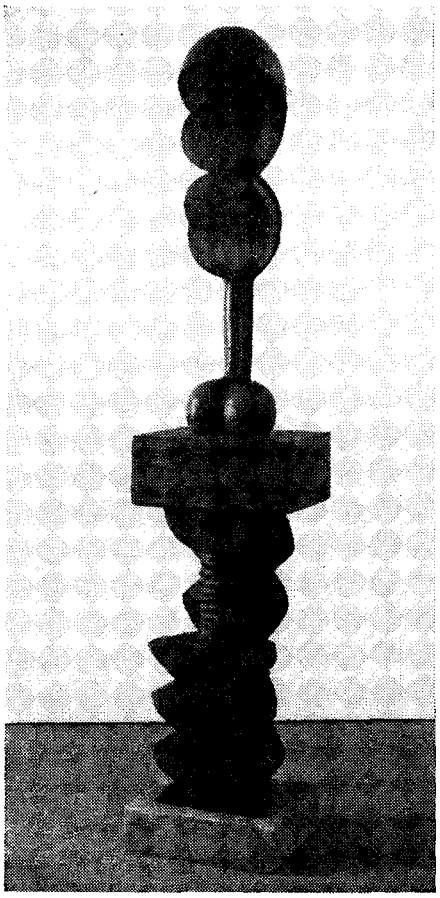

"Adam and Eve"—"finest of his pieces."

art its extraordinary vitality is its transcendental involvement. Perhaps that is why Brancusi has deliberately restricted himself to a few basic subjects—the egg, the fish, the bird, the human head, etc.—which he has worked and reworked in changing materials and size, always with fresh impetus and absorption. His patience is endless. "In a century hard-pressed for time," C. Giedion Welcker has written of him, "Brancusi has plenty of it."

It is the same writer who has pointed out the auditory implications of much of Brancusi's art, as when in the "Cock" one hears as well as sees the jagged, ascending crow of the rooster, or when in "The New Born" the baby's squall is suggested by its tormented mouth. The human accents of Brancusi's sculptures are restrained but clear, and no one knows better than he how to relieve grave purity of form by touches of humor. Brancusi is a gay man for all the austerity of his devotion to craft. One often feels both in his person and work a lightheartedness that is the antithesis of frivolity. His dedication is saintly; his mind is worldly, tolerant, and wise.

The best-known pieces by Brancusi are those in which he has brought marble or bronze to an incredible smoothness of surface and contour, as in the "Bird in Space" and the many versions of the "Fish." I asked him once whether the reflections caused by his sculptures' high polish ever bothered him or altered the meaning he had in mind. "I don't care what they reflect, so long as it's life itself," he replied. And added crossly: "Just as long as they don't put my sculptures on those *terrible* pedestals they make, changing the height and everything else." His irritation seems justifiable when one remembers that his own bases for his sculptures are in themselves works of art. Consider, for example, the wonderful unity through contrast achieved in the "Blond Negress," the head miraculously simple and restrained, the pedestal vigorous as the tribal sculptures of Africa which Brancusi so admires. Every inch of surface in this piece counts to the utmost in emotional impact, whether brilliantly rough or brilliantly smooth.

To understand fully Brancusi's astonishing emotive range one need only turn from the Guggenheim Museum's carving in wood called "Adam and Eve" (to my mind the finest of his pieces in this material) to the Museum of Modern Art's huge marble "Fish," delicately shaped and swimming in its own otherworldly light. And there are many other works that repay our rapt attention, including five lent by Brancusi himself and a large group from the unrivaled Arensberg collection in the Philadelphia Museum.

I came home from the exhibition to read that night Ruth Saunders Magurn's fine book "The Letters of Peter Paul Rubens" (Harvard University Press, $10). Remembering Brancusi, I was struck by a letter Rubens wrote to William Trumbull in England on Sept. 13, 1621: "I am quite willing . . . that I paint another Hunt less terrible than that of the lions . . . I am very sorry that there should have been dissatisfaction in this affair on the part of my Lord Carleton, but he never let me understand clearly, although I asked him to state whether this picture was to be a true and entire original or merely retouched by my hand."

Can one imagine Brancusi retouching a work begun by someone else and sending it forth from his studio? The practice was common enough in earlier times, of course, and often produced enviable results. But in our own age, when the individual is presumed to be nearly extinct, Brancusi, artist, has worked in absolute solitude, with no pupils or helpers, and has reasserted the single conscience on which humanity may now depend more than ever before.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Ideas for Santa's Book Bag

Continued from page 22

name was William Cody, all done up in big bright colors by two well-known editors, one of whom is not only the descendant of Cody but is also the maker of Sell's Liver Paté and the editor of *Town and Country* magazine.

CHICAGO, WITH LOVE. By Arthur Meeker. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.75.
The boyhood reminiscences of a scion of South Side society who has since made good in the literary world.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, MARINER. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown, $3.75.
A rewrite by Admiral Morison of his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Columbus, in which this time he leaves out some lengthy notes and unimportant details of the original.

THE CIVIL WAR IN PICTURES. Edited by Fletcher Pratt. Henry Holt. $10.
Through a host of rare and well-known drawings historian Pratt revives the everyday scene of a bitter period in American history.

THE EXURBANITES. By A. C. Spectorsky. J. B. Lippincott. $3.95.
No holds are barred in this sociological exposé of the private and public lives of Madison Avenueites who have transplanted themselves to New York's outer suburbia.

THE FRONTIER YEARS. By Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. Henry Holt. $10.
The main feature of this book is a collection of 125 photographs by L. A. Huffman, who settled in Montana to record settlement and Indian life.

GRANDFATHER STORIES. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Random House. $3.50.
The experiences of an up-state New Yorker who lived during the early nineteenth century, as told to and now recalled by his grandson, a distinguished octogenarian novelist, biographer, and essayist.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT. By Frank Thistlewaite. Cambridge University Press. $5.
An Englishman takes a critical, yet complimentary, look at our historical and contemporary growth both socially and economically.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, AMERICAN PATRIOT. By Hudson Strode. Harcourt, Brace. $6.75.
The first volume of a new biography of the President of the Confederacy.

THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR. By Clifford Dowdey. Doubleday. $6.
A popularly written account of the South's war for independence.

LAST FULL MEASURE. By J. G. Randall and Richard N. Current. Dodd, Mead. $7.50.
A rounding-out of the late Professor Randall's major work on "Lincoln the President."

A LITTLE REBELLION. By Marion L. Starkey. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
The story of Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts, which did much to bring about the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

NINE MEN: A POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1790 to 1955. By Fred Rodell. Random House. $5.
A popular political history of the nation's highest court from its inception to the present.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. By the Editors of Year. *Simon & Schuster.* $9.95.
With the aid of 2,500 photos and numerous historical maps, this volume captures significant and informal moments in the development of our country, beginning with the Pilgrims.

STILL THE MOST EXCITING COUNTRY. By William Attwood. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.
The report of a young American foreign correspondent on a tour of his native land.

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TAMING THE FORTY-NINER. By Elisabeth Margo. Rinehart. $3.75.
An account of how the California gold towns became tranquilized with the arrival of women and other bearers of civilization.

THADDEUS STEVENS: A BEING DARKLY WISE AND RUDELY GREAT. By Ralph Korngold. Harcourt, Brace. $6.
A biography which gives a new interpretation of the controversial Civil War Congressman.

TRIUMPH OF THE EGGHEADS. By Horace Coon. Random House. $4.
Mr. Coon's thesis is that we always turn to the eggheads for leadership in times of political crises, and he builds up cases to prove it in Jefferson, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, together with a study of the ways in which the egghead approaches political problems.

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT. By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane. $3.75.
Mr. Krutch this time investigates a good many aspects of desert life, including the roadrunner, the Dipo, and the kangaroo rat, and describes them all with some fascination.

YEAR OF DECISIONS: VOLUME I OF THE MEMOIRS OF HARRY S. TRUMAN. Doubleday. $5.
The well-heralded memoirs of ex-President Truman, this first volume being an account of his first year in the White House.

History

BISMARCK: THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN. By A. J. P. Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.75.
A new biography which provides a highly readable (and long-needed) account of the career of the famous German chancellor.

THE CALL TO HONOUR. By General Charles de Gaulle. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Viking. $5.
A first volume of memoirs in which the controversial figure who led the Free French during World War II contradicts some popular ideas about himself and throws fresh light on some important World War II history.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS: THE STORY OF A MASS HYSTERIA. By Nicholas Halasz. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
A retelling of a miscarriage of justice that rocked not only France but the entire Western world a half century ago.

THE FABULOUS PHONOGRAPH. By Roland Gelatt. J. B. Lippincott. $4.95.
An editor of *High Fidelity* magazine surveys the mechanical and artistic problems that attended the development and acceptance of the phonograph-marvel.

THE GAME OF HEARTS. Edited by Lesley Blanch. Simon & Schuster. $5.
The reminiscences of Harriette Wilson, the celebrated courtesan of Regency London.

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS. By Peter Quennell. Viking. $6.50.
A literary biography of one of the most important artists and one of the most colorful figures of eighteenth-century England.

THE KING'S PEACE. By C. V. Wedgwood. Macmillan. $5.50.
A fresh retelling of the events in Great Britain from 1637-1641 that led up to the beheading of Charles I.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. By Walter Lord. Henry Holt. $3.50.
The whole story of the people who ended up singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee" on a ship called the *Titanic*, brought together by a writer who persuaded his parents to take him on the *Olympic*, sister ship to the *Titanic*, at the early age of ten so that he could learn more about the lost liner and who has spent twenty-eight years since that time assembling as much information as he could on the ill-fated ship and its passengers.

NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS. By Allan Temko. Viking. $6.50.
This is a guided tour through the riches of the historic cathedral of Notre-Dame, featuring its design and sculptures by way of illustrations.

THE SUNSET OF THE SPLENDID CENTURY. By W. H. Lewis. William Sloane. $5.
A sympathetic biography of a French nobleman who has long suffered at the hands of previous chroniclers.

Personal History

BARE FEET IN THE PALACE. By Agnes Newton Keith. Little, Brown. $5.
The Keith family has been in the Philippine Islands since 1952 and now Mrs. Keith, author

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FOR AUNT MARTHA: Everyone's list has (or should have) an Aunt Martha on it—an older woman who would be glad to receive a book for Christmas. So we asked Olive Dean Hormel of *The Christian Science Monitor* to draw up a list of books to delight the lady, and here they are:

A CURRIER & IVES TREASURY. *By Colin Simkin. Crown.* $10.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR. *By Emily Kimbrough. Harper.* $3.50.

THREE TICKETS TO ADVENTURE. *By Gerald M. Durrell. Viking.* $3.75.

GRANDFATHER STORIES. *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Random House.* $3.50.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HERITAGE. *By Bela Kornitzer. Farrar, Straus.* $5.

PAPA'S WIFE. *By Thyra Ferre Bjorn. Prentice-Hall.* $3.75.

SUNDAY'S CHILDREN. *By J. Knox. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75.

THE LARK SHALL SING. *Novel by Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow.* $3.

FIVE FATHERS OF PEPI. *Novel by Ira Avery. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.

ME AND KIT. *By Guthrie McClintic. Little, Brown.* $5.

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of "Land Below the Wind" describes its reactions to the new life and people, with emphasis on the political backdrop.

THE DESERT AND THE STARS. By Flora Armitage. Henry Holt. $4.
A biography of Thomas Edward Lawrence, leader of the revolt in the Arabian desert during the First World War.

ELINOR GLYN. By Anthony Glyn. Doubleday. $4.50.
The biography of the fabulous English woman who wrote "Three Weeks," *et al.*

A FAMILY OF TWO WORLDS. By Ann Bridge. Macmillan. $4.50.
Gentle reminiscences of the author's mother during Civil War days, all told as the author remembers them from her mother.

HENTZ: OF THINGS NOT SEEN. By Harriet H. Houser. Macmillan. $3.50.
This is a true account of Mrs. Houser's son, who survived a near-fatal accident by battling physical odds, and of her own, deep spiritual resources which gave her strength in a time of personal crisis.

IT'S ME O LORD. By Rockwell Kent. Dodd, Mead. $10.
The autobiography of a man who has achieved distinction as an illustrator and painter, and who has had careers also as explorer, farmer, and sailor.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: A BIOGRAPHICAL ENQUIRY. By Richard Aldington. Henry Regnery. $5.
A new biography which is out to debunk the famous leader of the Arab revolt during World War I and to prove that in reality he was little more than a master of self-glorification.

ME AND KIT. By Guthrie McClintic. Little, Brown. $5.
A leading Broadway producer's recollections of his life with one of the great ladies of the theatre.

MY SON JOHNNY. By John McNulty. Simon & Schuster. $3.
Mr. McNulty, well known to *New Yorker* readers, here tells the doting story of his son Johnny, from cradle to grade school.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM: THE LIFE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. By Lawrence & Elisabeth Hanson. Random House. $5.
Here is a long, illustrated biography of the many-sided painter van Gogh by the authors who gave similar treatment to Gauguin in "Noble Savage."

THE PIT AND THE CENTURY PLANT. By Pati Hill. Harper. $3.50.
These sentimental and philosophical memoirs of an American career-model who hides away

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THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY by **Erwin N. Griswold.** "Such a statement from a legal authority, and a conservative one at that, is conclusive proof that old-fashioned Americanism has not perished." —GERALD W. JOHNSON. Clothbound, $2.00. Paper, 50¢

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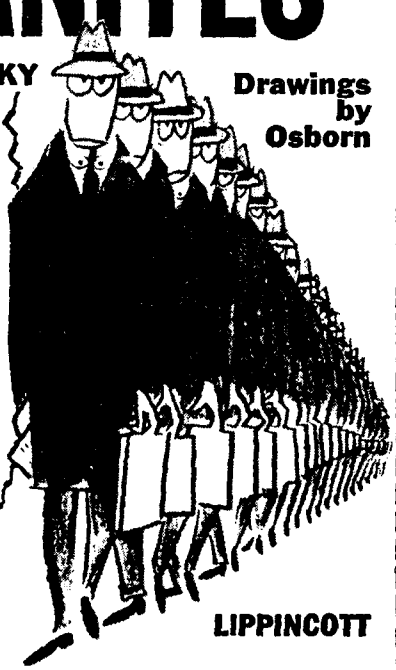

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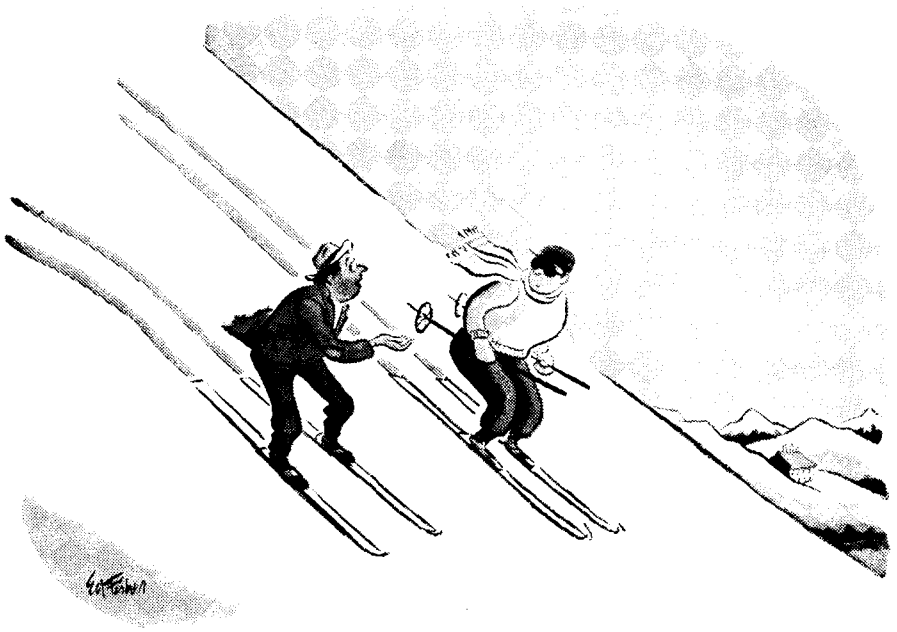

in the French countryside have unusual charm and warmth.

ROBERT BENCHLEY: A BIOGRAPHY. By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.
Using private papers and diaries and personal recollections, Mr. Benchley reconstructs the remarkable and hilarious life of his humorist-father.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR. By Emily Kimbrough. Harper. $3.50.
This time Miss Kimbrough visits New Orleans and its environs in order to capture a bit of Americana for the armchair reader, from cookery to commercial fishing.

THIS IS GOGGLE: THE EDUCATION OF A FATHER. By Bentz Plagemann. McGraw-Hill. $3.50.
Father comes home from the war and finds that he has to get reacquainted with the family —especially with Goggle, the ten-year-old whose adventures are already familiar to a wide magazine audience.

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE. By Ethel Merman, as told to Pete Martin. Doubleday. $3.50.
An anectodotal autobiography of an incomparable comedienne and singer of popular songs.

THE WORLD OF BEMELMANS. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. $4.95.
This anthology from the works of a fabled, world-touring humorist includes such favorite books as "My War with the United States," "Small Beer," "The Donkey Inside," and "I Love You, I Love You."

YEHUDI MENUHIN. By Robert Magidoff. Doubleday. $4.50.
Violin virtuoso Menuhin receives a well-rounded biographical treatment which honestly records his failures and his successes.

Belles-Lettres

ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE: VOL. I. Compiled and edited by Donald Keene. Grove Press. $6.50.
The first of a two-volume work, covering Nipponese writing from earliest times to the mid-nineteenth century.

THE CYCLE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Robert E. Spiller. Macmillan. $4.75.
A short history that reflects the work and attitudes of the present generation of American literary historians.

DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA: AN INTIMATE JOURNAL. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Little, Brown. $4.
A generous personal memoir of the controversial Welsh poet by the man who first invited him to visit America and who accompanied him on his frequent lecture tours here.

THE EASY CHAIR. By Bernard DeVoto. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
An editor of a highly respected literary magazine continues a pleasant and familiar style of essay-writing whose origins go back to the days of Sir Richard Steele.

THE FABULOUS ORIGINALS. By Irving Wallace. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.
A collection of biographies of extraordinary people who inspired memorable characters in fiction.

THE GREEK MYTHS. By Robert Graves. Penguin Books. 2 vols. Paperbound, 95¢ each. Hardbound, $6.50.
A retelling of the ancient stories of the Greek gods and heroes, together with some modern anthropological and archeological conclusions about them.

HENRY ADAMS. By Elizabeth Stevenson. Macmillan. $5.75.
One of America's most brilliant cosmopolitan minds (and one of its most complex figures) receives a thorough biographical treatment.

HOW NOT TO WRITE A PLAY. By Walter Kerr. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
The drama critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, having seen an awful lot of warmed-over Chekhov, speaks up for writing for the audience—a point of view which brings him perilously close to Broadway musicals but, happily, not too close.

THE INMOST LEAF. By Alfred Kazin. Harcourt, Brace. $4.75.
A volume containing twenty-eight of that literary critic's essays.

THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. By C. E. Carrington. Doubleday. $5.50.
A new biography of the famous British poet-writer.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR. By Aileen Pippett. Little, Brown. $5.
A biography of the English novelist Virginia Woolf.

THE OPEN HEART. By Edward Weeks. Little, Brown. $3.50.
The peripatetic editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* recalls the years of boyhood in which he was building himself up for his present job and also reviews some thirty years and 30,000 miles by which he came into contact with a good many writers, famous and otherwise.

GEORGE ORWELL. By John Atkins. Frederick Ungar Publishing Co. $4.50.
The first full-length study of the English writer and political thinker who wrote "Animal Farm" and "Nineteen Eighty-Four."

OUR SAMOAN ADVENTURE. By Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited with an introduction and notes by Charles Neider. Harper. $4.
In published form for the first time, this is a three-year diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson.

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, INCLUDING VARIANT READINGS CRITICALLY COMPARED WITH ALL KNOWN MANUSCRIPTS. Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Harvard University Press. 3 vols. $25.
The first truly complete collection of Emily Dickinson's poetical writings.

THREE LOVES OF DOSTOIEVSKY. By Marc Slonim. Rinehart. $4.
An expert on Russian literature takes a look at the hectic private life of Dostoievsky, famed for his novels "Crime and Punishment" and "The Brothers Karamazov."

THE VINTAGE MENCKEN. Edited by Alistair Cooke. Vintage Books. 95¢.
Short selections from the irascible and entertaining pen of writer-philosopher Mencken make up this highly-charged volume of reflections.

Philosophy and Religion

THE BIOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT. By Edmund W. Sinnott. Viking. $3.50.
Biologist and dean of Yale's Graduate School, Professor Sinnott goes beyond the laboratory in speculating about such philosophic perennials as matter, spirit, and the soul.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SOUL. By Viktor E. Frankl. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
A Viennese psychiatrist introduces readers to "Logotherapy" (or existential analysis), which advances spiritual values that may salvage neurotic personalities.

THE EYE OF MAN: FORM AND CONTENT IN WESTERN PAINTING. By Selden Rodman. Devin-Adair. $10.
Poet and art-critic Rodman sharply attacks modern art, which to him, for the most part lacks the spiritual values of some of the old masters. With 100 illustrations he covers the past fifteen hundred years.

GIFT FROM THE SEA. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Pantheon. $2.75.
A collection of essays discussing a woman's feeling of aloneness in the world of today and of ways to ameliorate it.

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA. By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press. $3.25.
An elongation of Mr. Wilson's report which first appeared in *The New Yorker* and which had to do with the whole story of the discovery of some ancient scrolls that promise to keep Biblical scholars busy for years.

JOHN DEWEY. Edited by Irwin Edman. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.
A volume bringing together representative samples of Dewey's writings and allowing the reader to make his own measure of the most influential American philosopher of our time.

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS. By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
A book published in France in 1942 and now appearing in this country for the first time. A French philosopher's statement of the case for Existentialism and his argument against it.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL. By Philip Blair Rice. Random House. $4.50.
An editor of *The Kenyon Review* looks for ethics and enlightenment in the works of such

---

FOR JACK: Let's suppose that Jack is your son, your husband, your brother, or your cousin. What should you give him? Herman Kogan of *The Chicago Sun-Times* has done a little scouting for you and he suggests any one or all of these titles would be welcomed:

SEA FIGHTS AND SHIPWRECKS. *By Hanson W. Baldwin. Hanover House.* $3.95.

YEAR OF DECISIONS. *By Harry S. Truman. Doubleday.* $5.

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. *By Chester Bowles. Harper.* $4.50.

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THE CARTOON TREASURY. *By Pyke and Lucy Johnson. Doubleday.* $4.95.

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twentieth-century philosophers as Santayana and Dewey.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. By R. M. MacIver. Simon & Schuster. $3.
The reflections of a distinguished teacher on man's quest for the significance of life.

THE USES OF PHILOSOPHY: AN IRWIN EDMAN READER. Edited by Charles Frankel. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
A close colleague of the late Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, presents a varied collection of essays from Mr. Edman's extensive writings.

Contemporary Problems

THE AFRICAN GIANT. By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
A good deal of inside information about the politics, economy, and sociology of that portion of Africa which is known as the West Coast, all jotted down by a fellow who has been inside Africa ever since he was born.

THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA. By Laurens Van Der Post. William Morrow. $3.
Coming from an old family which pioneered in Africa, the author of "Flamingo Feather" speaks with authority and literateness about Africa's deep-rooted problems.

FRANCE AGAINST HERSELF. By Herbert Luethy. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. Frederick A. Praeger. $6.50.
A Swiss journalist's study of that nation's past, politics, and unceasing crises.

HIROSHIMA DIARY: THE JOURNAL OF A JAPANESE PHYSICIAN. By Michihiko Hachiya. Translated and edited by Warner Wells, M.D. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.
The record of thoughts and acts between August 6 and September 30, 1945.

HOW FAR THE PROMISED LAND? By Walter White. Viking. $3.50.
The final book of a great American Negro who died last March.

INSIDE AFRICA. By John Gunther. Harper. $6.
An American journalist's report on a vast and diverse continent which is currently very much in the news.

MANDARIN RED. By James Cameron. Rinehart. $4.50.
As chief correspondent of the London *News Chronicle*, Cameron was given the chance to tour Red China in 1954 and now reports on inside conditions in the cities and the land.

THE NEW AMERICAN RIGHT. Edited by Daniel Bell. Criterion Books. $4.
Seven essays on our contemporary political scene examine the background and significance of such rightist growths as McCarthyism.

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. By Chester Bowles. Harper. $4.
A substantial study of America's role in world affairs (with particular reference to our relations with Asia, Europe, Africa, and South America), all done by the former U. S. Ambassador to India.

NORTH AFRICAN POWDER KEG. By Edmund Stevens. Coward-McCann. $3.75.
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THE OPEN MIND. By J. Robert Oppenheimer. Simon & Schuster. $2.75.
"The relations between science as an intellectual activity and the wider culture of our time" is the subject of the noted physicist's latest book.

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE. By Charles P. Curtis. Simon & Schuster. $4.
The first book-length analysis of the Atomic Energy Commission's hearings on the question of security clearance for atomic scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer.

THE RAGGED EDGE: THE DIARY OF A CRISIS. By Marquis Childs. Doubleday. $3.50.
A day-by-day report of that dark period in international relations which began at the end of the Berlin Conference in 1954, all written by a well-known newspaper columnist.

THE RESTORATION OF LEARNING. By Arthur Bestor. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
A vigorous and general survey of problems faced and ignored by American educators on all levels by a noted scholar and teacher.

THE SANE SOCIETY. By Erich Fromm. Rinehart. $5.
Some serious discussion about the place of man in a society whose chief aim is economic productivity instead of human productivity—a situation which Dr. Fromm, along with others, deplores.

TIME FOR LIVING. By George Soule. Viking. $3.
An economist's conclusions about the possibilities increased production and increased leisure hold out for man.

FOR THE WILLIAMSES: There's no nicer way of saying Merry Christmas to those friendly neighbors next door than by giving them a book that the whole house will enjoy. Here John K. Sherman of *The Minneapolis Star & Tribune* suggests some titles which might be welcome:

The New Yorker 1950-1955 ALBUM. *Harper.* $5.

THE SELECTIVE EYE. *Edited by Georges and Rosmond Bernier. Random House.* $7.95.

THURBER'S DOGS. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.

THE FABULOUS PHONOGRAPH. *By Roland Gelatt. J. B. Lippincott.* $4.95.

ANDERSONVILLE. *Novel by MacKinlay Kantor. World Publishing Co.* $5.

THE AMERICAN TREASURY. *Edited by Clifton Fadiman. Harper.* $7.50.

THE AMERICAN WEST. *By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. E. P. Dutton.* $12.50.

A CENTURY OF *Punch* CARTOONS. *Edited by R. E. Williams. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95.

THE WORLD OF BEMELMANS. *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking.* $4.95.

FROM VAN EYCK TO BOTTICELLI: THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. *By Jacques Lassaigne and Giulio C. Argan. Skira.* $20.

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T READ. By Rudolf Flesch. Harper. $3.
This attack on methods and subject matter used in our classrooms to teach children how to read is useful to teachers and parents, encouraging a new, hard look at the problem.

Humor

CARTOON TREASURY. Edited by Lucy and Pyke Johnson. Doubleday. $4.95.
The Johnsons have compiled a volume of cartoons which has appeared in international periodicals.

GEORGE PRICE'S CHARACTERS. By George Price. Simon & Schuster. $2.95.
Some 200 cartoons enliven this priceless collection by one of our steadiest humorists.

THE NEW YORKER 1950-1955 ALBUM. Harper. $5.
Sophistication and satiric bite distinguish the latest of *The New Yorker's* standard collections.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF MAJOR THOMPSON. By Pierre Daninos. Translated by Robin Farn. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95.
Or "An Englishman Discovers France and the French," being a light collection of some finite international incidents in which the fictional Major Thompson (a first cousin of Colonel Blimp) manages to become involved.

SORRY TO BE SO CHEERFUL. By Hildegarde Dolson. Random House. $3.50.
A collection of merry pieces about the life of a perennial spinster.

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DUNCAN HINES' FOOD ODYSSEY. By Duncan Hines. Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.95.
Taking inventory of the gastronomical pleasures a traveler may encounter in every U.S. region, expert Hines serves up a tantalizing variety.

FABULOUS FOODS FOR PEOPLE YOU LOVE. By Carolyn Coggins. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.
Hundreds of international culinary concoctions are collected in recipe form by a connoisseur who is especially schooled in French cooking.

THE FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES COOKBOOK. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Doubleday. $3.95.
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she writes, for here are true-and-tried recipes which have stood her well as a New England bride, Washington hostess, and world traveler.

THE WORLD'S BEST RECIPES. By Marvin Small. Hawthorn Books. $5.
This anthology of cookery scours books on the subject from all over the globe.

Faraway Places

HIGH ADVENTURE. By Edmund Hillary. E. P. Dutton. $4.50.
Another one for the mountain-climbing addicts, this one being the entire climbing story of the author, from his earliest climbing days to his Everest climbing days.

HIGHWAY OF THE SUN. By Victor Wolfgang von Hagen. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.
A popular day-by-day account of the author's archeological expedition to Peru and of his search for an astonishing network of roads which was built there by early Incas.

NEFERTITI LIVED HERE. By Mary Chubb. Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.50.
The expeditionary memoirs of a lady archeologist who, fascinated by the fact that the world-famous head of Queen Nefertiti had been discovered in Egypt, set out with a group to see what she could find and arrived home with the head of Nefertiti's daughter, which now graces a room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

NEW FOUND WORLD: HOW NORTH AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED AND EXPLORED. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $5.75.
An exhaustive history of the discovery of America by Ice Age nomads, Vikings, Columbus, and other well-known explorers. The fifth volume of the Mainstream of America Series, which chronologically belongs first.

NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN. By Denis Johnston. Little, Brown. $5.
Some blending of philosophy, religion, adventure, and reporting, all put together by a war correspondent who has seen Africa, Italy, Malta, Yugoslavia, and other interesting places.

WORLDS BEYOND THE HORIZON. By Joachim G. Leithauser. Translated by Hugh Merrick. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.75.
A book which, in retelling the stories of early explorers, attempts to chronicle the adventures of those who failed as well as of those who succeeded and made history.

Science and Nature

THE EDGE OF THE SEA. By Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.
"The Sea Around Us" established Miss Carson as a biologist who is both scholarly and literary. In her latest volume she concentrates on environmental and geologic history.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. Vol. II. By Ernest Jones, M.D. Basic Books. $6.75.
The second volume of a projected three-volume work on Dr. Freud, this one dealing with the doctor's years of "participation"—years which followed closely upon his years of "splendid isolation," from which the first volume was formed.

ON THE TRACK OF PREHISTORIC MAN. By Herbert Kuhn. Random House. $3.95.
A German art historian explains the earliest-known cave paintings (all of them magnificent examples of human artistry) and selects outstanding examples for reproduction.

SPIDER, EGG AND MICROCOSM. By Eugene Kinkhead. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
These profiles of three topnotch Russian biologists who found a haven and recognition in this country were originally published in *The New Yorker.*

THE STORY OF MEDICINE. By Kenneth Walker. Oxford University Press. $6.
A substantial (and practical-minded) history of the evolution of medical men and medical knowledge.

THE TIME BOOK OF SCIENCE. By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Random House. $3.95.
Weekly summaries of developments in the field of science as they appeared in *Time* magazine are now collected for the record by writer and editor Leonard.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? Edited by James R. Newman. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.
Twelve essays by renowned philosophers and scientists explore the impact and meaning of science in our contemporary society.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. By the Editorial Staff of Life and Lincoln Barnett. Simon & Schuster. $13.50. (Deluxe edition, $15.50)
A panoramic series taken from *Life* magazine which unfolds the physical history of our world in color and text.

FOR UNCLE HENRY: The older male in your family may never have got to the Folies-Bergère, but he may like to read about them. He may also like to read the other books suggested here by Ernest Cady of the *Columbus* (Ohio) *Dispatch*:

TOWN HALL TONIGHT. *By Harlowe R. Hoyt. Prentice-Hall.* $7.50.

THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. *By C. E. Carrington. Doubleday.* $5.50.

ANDERSONVILLE. *Novel by MacKinlay Kantor. World Publishing Co.* $5.

FOLIES-BERGÈRE. *By P. Derval. E. P. Dutton.* $3.95.

THE NEW YORKER 1950-1955 ALBUM. *Harper.* $5.

THE AMERICAN WARS. *By Roy Meredith. World Publishing Co.* $10.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST. *By Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. Oxford University Press.* $6.95.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS. *By John and Alice Durant. A. S. Barnes.* $10.

ABODE OF THE SNOW. *By Kenneth Mason. E. P. Dutton.* $6.50.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Picture Books

CROW BOY. By Taro Yashima. Viking. $2.75.
A shy Japanese boy earns his place in the village school.

DANCING IN THE MOON: COUNTING RHYMES. By Fritz Eichenberg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.25.
Rhyming couplets and humorous animals help the child learn to count.

THE DUCHESS BAKES A CAKE. Written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl. Scribner's. $2.
"A lovely light luscious delectable cake" carried the Duchess high in the sky.

FROG WENT A-COURTIN'. Retold by John Langstaff. With pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
A colorful version of the old folk song.

THE HAPPY LION IN AFRICA. By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House. $2.
A happy lion feels more at home in the French zoo than in his native land.

LEE FONG AND HIS TOY JUNK. Story and pictures by William Carmichael. David McKay. $2.25.
A little Chinese boy out-fishes the village fishermen.

A LITTLE OVEN. Story and pictures by Eleanor Estes. Harcourt, Brace. $2.25.
American Helena and French Genevieve have plenty of little 'ovin's and little 'uggin's.

PLAY WITH ME. Story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. $2.50.
Animals come to play with a small girl who sits quietly by a woodland pool.

TWO LONELY DUCKS: A COUNTING BOOK. By Roger Duvoisin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
A pair of ducks raise a family of ten.

For Younger Children

BOY OF THE ISLANDS. By William Lipkind. Illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
A Hawaiian boy proves worthy to be the chief's son.

EMILY SAN. By Barbara Leonard Reynolds. With illustrations by Tack Shigaki. Scribner's. $2.50.
Japanese and American children learn one another's customs.

JUNKET: THE DOG WHO LIKED EVERYTHING "JUST SO." By Anne H. White. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking. $2.75.
A managing airedale sets things aright when a city family takes over a farm.

MISS JELLYTOT'S VISIT. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Velma Ilsley. J. B. Lippincott. $2.50.
A little girl plays grown-up but is glad to be herself again.

THE POPPY SEEDS. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.75.
Bright flowers and kindness bring new life to a little Mexican village.

THE SECRET RIVER. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Scribner's. $2.50.
A sensitive child creates a world with her imagination.

WILLOW TREE VILLAGE. Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. William Morrow. $2.25.
Mimosa, a little Chinese girl, has many small adventures when she runs away.

Folk and Fanciful Tales

THE BORROWERS AFIELD. By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The small folk of "The Borrowers" now live out-of-doors.

THE RABBIT'S UMBRELLA. By George Plimpton. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking. $2.75.
There's a huge dog in this story—but where is the rabbit and his umbrella? Good for reading aloud.

RIDE WITH THE SUN. Edited by Harold Courlander for the United Nations Women's Guild. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House. $3.50.
Folk tales from the sixty countries of the United Nations.

THE TALKING TREE: FAIRY TALES FROM 15 LANDS. Selected by Augusta Baker. Illustrated by Johannes Troyer. J. B. Lippincott. $3.
A storyteller's collection of folk and fairy tales.

THE WICKED ENCHANTMENT. By Margot Benary-Isbert. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
A German cathedral town is visited by medieval spirits.

Poetry and Rhymes

A DILLER A DOLLER: RHYMES AND SAYINGS FOR THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR. Compiled by Lillian Morrison. Illustrated by Marj Bauernschmidt. Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.
Folk sayings and old rhymes arranged by school subjects.

HUMOROUS POETRY FOR CHILDREN. Edited by William Cole. Illustrated by Ervine Metzl. World. $3.50.
Nonsense rhymes for children—and their parents—to chuckle over.

IMAGINATION'S OTHER PLACE. Compiled by Helen Plotz. Illustrated with wood engravings by Clare Leighton. Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.50.
Poems to please the science-fiction fans.

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LAUGHING TIME. By William Jay Smith. Illustrated by Juliet Kepes. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Original poems and pictures that the youngest will enjoy.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS! A GARLAND OF POEMS. Chosen by Anne Thaxter Eaton. Decorated by Valenti Angelo. Viking. $2.50.
A collection of carols and poems, old and new, that have in them the "inner spirit of the season."

For Older Boys and Girls

THE BUFFALO TRACE. By Virginia S. Eifert. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. Dodd, Mead. $3.
A chronicle of Lincoln's ancestors and their trek across the mountains to Kentucky.

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN. By Belle Dorman Rugh. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.
American and English children play together during the long sunny days of a Lebanon summer.

A LEMON AND A STAR. By E. C. Spykman. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.
It's fun to know this family of irrepressible children.

LION HOUND. By Jim Kjelgaard. Illustrated by Jacob Landau. Holiday House. $2.75.
A mountain lion and a red hound fight to the death.

ONLY THE STRONG. By Robert C. DuSoe. Illustrated by William D. Hayes. Longmans, Green. $2.75.
A Mexican boy works to save his ancestral lands.

SANTIAGO. By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Viking. $2.75.
A Mexican Indian boy adjusts to two cultures.

THE TRAIL-DRIVING ROOSTER. By Fred Gipson. Pictures by Marc Simont. Harper. $2.25.
There's a folk-tale quality in this story of a scrawny rooster that became the mascot of a band of cowboys.

TUNNEL IN THE SKY. By Robert A. Heinlein. Scribner's. $2.50.
The unbelievable is believable in this tale of survival on "any planet, any climate, any terrain."

THE WHITE FALCON. By Charlton Ogburn, Jr. Illustrated by Bernarda Bryson. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.
A boy's awareness of life is sharpened by his experiences with a great gyrfalcon.

Things To Do

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS JUNIOR COOK BOOK. Meredith Publishing Co. $2.95.
Easy-to-follow recipes for the beginning cook.

FIRST BOOK OF JAZZ. By Langston Hughes. Pictures by Cliff Roberts. Music selected by David Martin. Franklin Watts. $1.95.
Jazz and the musicians who made it famous.

FIRST CAMPING TRIP. Written and illustrated by C. B. Colby. Coward-McCann. $2.
How to make a camping trip comfortable, pleasant, and safe.

MODEL RAILROADING. Written and illustrated by Harry Zarchy. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
How to lay out the track and make the accessories for a model railroad.

The Sciences

THE FLOWER. Story by Mary Louise Downer. Pictures by Lucienne Bloch. William R. Scott. $1.75.
A simple description of the growth of a plant from seed to flower. For the youngest.

INSECT FRIENDS. By Edwin Way Teale. Illustrated with photographs by the author. Dodd, Mead. $3.
Many insects, familiar and unfamiliar, are described and pictured.

MEN, MICROSCOPES, AND LIVING THINGS. By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking. $3.
Biology and the men who have developed the science of life. For older boys and girls.

SEE THROUGH THE SEA. By Millicent Selsam and Betty Morrow. Pictures by Winifred Lubell. Harper. $2.50.
Pictures and text tell of animal and plant life in the ocean.

THE STORY OF OUR ANCESTORS. By May Edel. Illustrated by Herbert Danska. Little, Brown. $3.
A lucid account of man's beginnings and early life on the earth.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MATHEMATICS. By Lancelot Hogben. Garden City. $2.95.
Many pictures and a narrative-style text make mathematics exciting.

About People

COLUMBUS. By Ingri & Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $3.
Columbus's life and discoveries told in pictures and text for older boys and girls.

THE COLUMBUS STORY. By Alice Dalgliesh. Pictures by Leo Politi. Scribner's. $2.75.
A companion volume to "The Thanksgiving Story." For younger children.

THE EXPLOITS OF XENOPHON. By Geoffrey Household. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Random House. $1.50.
This Greek soldier's account of his Persian campaign reads like a present-day newspaper war story.

HARRIET TUBMAN: CONDUCTOR ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. By Ann Petry. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.75.
A sympathetic account of a heroic woman.

PRAIRIE-TOWN BOY. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.
This autobiography, taken from "Always the Young Stranger," will be of special interest to older boys and girls.

REMBRANDT. A BIOGRAPHY. By Elizabeth Ripley. With drawings, etchings, and paintings by Rembrandt. Oxford University Press. $3.
A beautifully illustrated book on Rembrandt that relates his paintings to events in his life.

THE STORY OF YOUNG EDWIN BOOTH. By Alma Power-Waters. Foreword by Eva LeGallienne. E. P. Dutton. $2.75.
A lively account of Edwin Booth's introduction to the theatre, with glimpses of his father and brother.

FOR SUE: The name of Sue is unimportant. What is important is that she might be any lady on your list from sixteen on up—your wife, your daughter, your sister, your aunt. Here Mary Elisabeth Edes of *Publisher's Weekly* lists ten books which she thinks would be appropriate for your Sue:

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. *Novel by Herman Wouk. Doubleday.* $4.95.

THE CARTOON TREASURY. *By Pyke and Lucy Johnson. Doubleday and Co.* $4.95.

CHILD BEHAVIOR. *By Frances L. Ilg and Louise Bates Ames. Harper.* $3.50.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. *By Walter Lord. Henry Holt.* $3.50.

LEAVEN OF MALICE. *Novel by Robertson Davies. Scribner's.* $3.50.

THE GREER CASE. *By David W. Peck. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. *Novel by P. H. Newby. Alfred A. Knopf.* Paperbound, $1.25; Hardbound, $3.

THE JEROME KERN SONG. *Edited by Oscar Hammerstein II. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.

THE SELECTIVE EYE. *Edited by Georges and Rosmond Bernier. Random House.* $7.95.

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. *Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Harvard University Press.* Three Vols. $25.

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Elisa Bialk's TIZZ is an illustrated novel for third graders about a lovable, mischievous pony and the refreshingly normal family it comes to trouble. *A good book for horse lovers.* **$2.50.**

Miriam Schlein's CITY BOY, COUNTRY BOY is a delight for first and second graders. A Junior Literary Guild selection, it sings of the joys of living in either the country or the city. Sweeping, full-color pictures by Katherine Evans. **$2.00.**

Lois Fisher's BIBLE PICTURE STORIES done with taste, captures the reverence and continuity of these related stories. With few words and wonderful illustrations, this makes an ideal book to introduce Biblical history. **$1.50.**

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Especially for Xmas

Continued from page 23

Look Magazine have again this year produced **"Look at the U. S. A."** (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), a volume differing very little from its predecessor in its sweeping pictorial coverage of the country from New England to California, each region being introduced with a few paragraphs from such regional writers and/or authorities as Mary Ellen Chase, Paul Horgan, Wallace Stegner, and Louis Bromfield. But, in far better picture-and-text style, John and Alice Durant have brought out **"Pictorial History of American Presidents"** (A. S. Barnes, $10), a book in which you may find some pictures of Presidential lives you have never seen before (and some facts in the text that you have not known before). As picture books go, the Durant volume should make a better gift than **"The American Wars: A Pictorial History from Quebec to Korea,"** by Roy Meredith (World Publishing Co., $10), since this latter book depends almost entirely on what seem to be uninteresting drawings of the wars it has chosen to chronicle.

Pictures of old and historic houses are hard to ruin, no matter what one does with them, and so Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. has had fair success with his **"The Living Past of America"** (Crown, $5.95), a book in which he limits himself to those houses which have been either preserved or restored. And James Reynolds has spruced up the whole idea of the historic-houses type of picture book by calling his offering **"Ghosts in American Houses"** (Farrar, Straus, $12.50) and then proceeding to justify his title by writing of the tales of wealth, of insanity, of love spurned, and of bad blood which have given special meaning to the history of the houses. On the other hand, the publishing firm of Bobbs-Merrill has its angle on how to do old houses, too, and they have proved it this year by reissuing **"Home by the River,"** by Archibald Rutledge ($4), a long tale (also with pictures) of Mr. Rutledge's struggle to rebuild the old family homestead in South Carolina where once, among other events, General Francis Marion, who was known as the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, broke the arm off an ebony Chippendale chair in which he had been dozing, thereby apparently making Mr. Rutledge's job of restoration just that much more difficult.

There is a book entitled **"Pennsylvania Clocks and Clockmakers,"** by George H. Eckhardt (Devin-Adair, $15), in which Mr. Eckhardt includes not only pictures of some highly pictorial old timepieces but also instructions on how to care for pivots, pivot holes, pinions, and pendulums. If it had been issued in time it might have helped Mr. Rutledge in his job of restoration, and so might also **"The Concise Encyclopedia of Antiques,"** a two-volume set compiled by *Connoisseur* editor L. G. G. Ramsey (Hawthorn Books, $8.95 each) since these two volumes include brief but seemingly adequate information on caudle-cups, chinoiseries, and caryatids.

CHRISTMAS is a time of games and gaiety, and the publishers have joined in. The firm of Random House has issued a new and complete handbook on bridge which is entitled **"Point Count Contract Bridge Complete,"** by Ernest W. Rovere ($3.95), and which lives up to its title by including hundreds of practice hands and a great many quizzes (together with answers). For the poker fans there is **"Dealer's Choice,"** edited by Jerry D. Lewis (A. S. Barnes, $3.95), a collection of poker stories by such well-known literary poker players as Franklin P. Adams, Ernest Hemingway, and W. Somerset Maugham.

A group of writers which includes Paul Gallico, Red Smith, John P. Marquand (and also Rocky Marciano) has contributed to **"Greatest *Collier's* Sports Stories"** (A. S. Barnes, $3.95), an anthology edited by Tom Meany which contains the best stories and articles on sports from the well-known magazine, including "How It Feels to Be Champ," by Rocky Marciano. And Pat Smythe, the English horsewoman who broke the record with her seven-foot, three-inch jump in Brussels in 1954, has put her personal story between covers in **"Jump for Joy"** (E. P. Dutton, $3.75), beginning with her first pony ride at the age of four in the suburbs near Richmond Park and following right through from triumph to triumph.

Christmas is a time of inspiration and of aspiration, and the publishers, far from forgetting this fact, have brought out a score of books to celebrate it, including two new volumes about mountains. One of these, **"The Mountain World,"** edited by Malcolm Barnes (Harper's, $6), offers a myriad of facts about such notable mountain-climbing events of the past year as the ascent of K-2, of Cho Oyu, and of other interesting peaks, while the other, **"The Book of Mountains,"** edited by A. C. Spectorsky (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $10), assembles what seems to be a collection of every worthwhile piece of writing which has ever been done about mountaineering.

If you don't go in for the sort of inspiration that comes from the mountains the publishers have tried to interest you in John Kieran's **"An Introduction to Nature"** (Hanover

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
STRANGER IN THE DARK *Helen Nielsen* (Washburn: $2.75)	Yank salesman takes business trip to Copenhagen, meets corpse, cops, odd characters, pretty gal.	Background excellent, but personnel doesn't jell; love conquers all; author has topped this.	Highly involved
SINNERS AND SHROUDS *Jonathan Latimer* (S&S: $3)	Chi. newshawk, on binge, spots she-cadaver; cops trail him, he trails killer, finds Body No. 2.	Threads of yarn reach to Texas as Lincolnian Mr. Bundy ponders clues. (Welcome back, Mr. L.)	Gaily preposterous.
INNOCENT BYSTANDER *Barbara Frost* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	NY songbird silenced, violinist emits sour note as cops raise batons; lady lawyer to rescue.	Family and other involvements retard pace; odd folk, m. and f., abound; Atty. De Lancey pleasant.	Soso.
A DYING FALL *Henry Wade* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Demobbed British officer weds horsewoman; complications develop, including new gal; then come death, cops.	Second slaughter instructive; yarn highly knowledgeable about racing, hunting; much straight detection.	Unusual number
BROKEN SHIELD *Ben Benson* (Mill Morrow: $2.75)	Mass. State Cop Ralph Lindsey, seeking to avenge slain buddy, collides with imported killer, native gals.	Moves swiftly except when ladies take over; nice detection, stern chase, rugged wind-up.	See left
HUE AND CRY *Patrick Pringle* (Morrow: $4)	Origin of British police system examined by authoritative specialist (novelist Fielding had big share).	Author's usual fine job; intelligent and readable production, with good American interest.	A-1.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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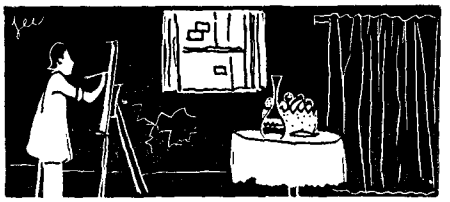


House, $6), which contains some colorful drawings and text on one hundred birds, one hundred wild flowers, and one hundred trees, and in **"The Home Gardening Encyclopaedia (New Edition)"** (Philosophical Library, $6). But you may prefer simply to look at pictures of gardens which have already done very well, as have those shown in Thomas D. Church's **"Gardens are for People"** (Reinhold, $10) and in **"House & Garden's New Complete Book of Gardens"** (Simon & Schuster, $10).

CHRISTMAS is also the time of nostalgia, and the publishers have issued a whole series of books bearing such nostalgic titles as **"This was Seafaring: A Sea Chest of Salty Memories,"** by Ralph W. Andrews and Harry A. Kirwin (Superior Publishing Co., $8.50), **"Famous Lighthouses of America,"** by Edward Rowe Snow (Dodd, Mead, $4), and two about the Mississippi River: **"Tales of the Mississippi,"** by Ralph Samuel, Leonard V. Huber, and Warren C. Ogden (Hastings House, $7.50) and **"A Treasury of Mississippi River Folklore,"** edited by B. A. Botkin (Crown, $5). All of these contain a wealth of lore (and nostalgia) about their particular subjects There are also **"Theodore Roosevelt's America: Selections from the Writings of the Oyster Bay Naturalist,"** edited by Farida A. Wiley (Devin-Adair, $5.75), and **"The Look of the Old West,"** by Foster Harris (Viking, $7.50), the latter of which is a book that attempts to set down in text and black-and-white drawings the exact details of what everything from bandannas to horse trappings actually looked like in the Old West. There is **"Town Hall Tonight"** (Prentice-Hall, $7.50), a collection by Harlowe Randall Hoyt of reminiscences of the actors and sets (and the villains' lines) which brought cheers or jeers in the days of Mr. Hoyt's grandfather's "Concert House" in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. And now at Christmas even the book publishers' version of television has managed to take on the trappings of nostalgia with the publication of Edward R. Murrow's and Fred W. Friendly's text-and-picture book of some of the best shows on their TV program. Entitled **"See It Now"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), the book includes a show called "Christmas in Korea."

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

ART BOOKS

ART books have a special advantage at Christmas time: they can fill a crying need or they can be the gift for the man who has everything, but whether you send off **"The Intimate Sketchbook of Georges Braque"** (Harcourt, Brace, $25) as food for the soul or as an opulent artifact to hold in the hand, at least be sure to look at it before you send it off. The book is an outsize volume of approximately 125 full-page reproductions of Braque's private sketches, some of them in pencil, some in color, and none of them previously published. Short texts are supplied by the happy combination of Will Grohmann, art historian; Antoine Tudal, poet; and Rebecca West, who needs no further introduction.

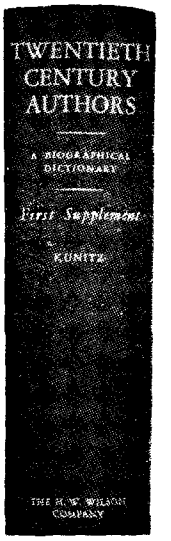
Not quite as large but almost as gorgeous is **"The Selective Eye"** (Random House, $7.95), a book of profusely illustrated essays by Douglas Cooper, Charles Terasse, Cyril Connolly, Jerome Melquist, Janet Flanner, and others. It contains a varied fare of fine-arts themes: there are essays on Cézanne's country house, on Giacometti, on Altdorfer, on Henry Moore, the early cubists, the villas of the Veneto, and Picasso's sister—all of this material having been selected from the new French art magazine *L'Oeil* over the past year.

This has been a great year for books on primitive art, and these have all been highly specialized (and some of them are quite scholarly). Erwin Christensen has completed a one-book library on the subject. Entitled **"Primitive Art"** (Studio-Crowell, $10.95), it is a hefty tome dealing with the whole of that subject from the cave paintings to the South Seas to the Kwakiutls. There are also 400 photos, and if you should want to locate the Kwakiutl, the Ashanti, or the Ibibio peoples there are good maps on which to do so.

A very useful book—and one that may be given without fear of duplication—is **"The Encyclopedia of Painting"** (Crown, $10.95), a work which has been put together by a staff of college teachers and museum curators under the direction of Bernard Myers of the City College of New York. There has been no such book published in America within living memory, and its 3,000 entries are further illuminated by 1,000 pictures (200 of them in color) which are surprisingly close to their references. The book covers the paintings of all times and places, sometimes by a ten-line biography and sometimes by a thirty-page section, as in the case of Japan; and the art terms and the schools of paintings are all defined.

Three art books have been pub-

GENIUS Speaks For Itself In



20th Century Authors:

FIRST SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Stanley J. Kunitz

This just-published *First Supplement* to the world-famous *20th Century Authors* gives literary genius a chance to speak for itself. Many of the 2550 capsule biographies are almost entirely composed of personal reports from the authors.

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lished by Skira in time for Christmas, too. Of these the most significant is **"The Fifteenth Century: From Van Eyck to Botticelli"** by Jacques Lassaigne and Giulio Argan ($20). In this book painters who were at work in various parts of Europe during that century in which the artist first took measure of himself and of the world around him are contrasted and compared. There are one hundred and sixteen color plates, and although the approach is not unique the finished product is, affording us a clearer view of the beginnings of modern painting. At a lower price ($4.95) Skira also brings us two little gems: **"Goya,"** by Pierre Gassier, and **"Manet,"** by George Bataille. These are smaller than the first Skira volume, of course, but each contains four or five dozen color reproductions, and the essays that the illustrations accompany are packed full of ideas.

—L. R. Sander.

CARTOON BOOKS

NOW, at Christmas time, there is a virtual five-foot shelf of new cartoon books competing for your Christmas dollar. As it happens, about four-and-three-quarter feet of it can safely be sawed off your shopping list, but let's take a look at them.

In addition to ***"The New Yorker* 1950-1955 Album"** (Harper, $5) and Doubleday's **"Cartoon Treasury"** ($4.95), which were reviewed in a previous issue, there is, first and foremost, Simon and Schuster's **"A Century of Punch Cartoons,"** edited by R. E. Williams ($4.95). Happily, this one is a delight. Most of its humor is broader and simpler than the disciplined stuff of today. Its highs are higher and its lows are lower. There is a wild and wonderful series on pages 148-149 entitled "A Golf Nightmare," which is beyond anything allowable in the modern cartoon idiom; yet there is also a 1929 gag about a young bride exclaiming "Oh, look, darling, our first bills!" which was sufficiently timeless to have enabled it to appear as a cartoon in *The New Yorker* only a few months ago. Those primordial *Punch*men were unparalleled observers and delineators of precise details, and you can share the satisfaction they felt in capturing the full flavor of their subject matter: the complete decor of a nineteenth-century drawing room, the ultimate in character description of embattled housewives or eccentric lords, and the gesture of a lawyer giving a farewell handshake to his client.

Unhappily, Lawrence Lariar's **"Best Cartoons of the Year 1955"** (Crown, $2.95) is a fairly routine collection of jokes pleasant and unpleasant from the major magazines, with the devastating exception of anything from *The New Yorker*. The cover seems to indicate that a lot of the stuff is pretty topical, but inside you would hardly know that it wasn't The Best Cartoons of 1954. And **"The Coffee Break"** (Dutton, $2.95) is a thin album of cartoons selected from *The Wall Street Journal*. It has a lot less to do with the intricacies of stocks and big business than you would expect. Most of the jokes seem to be on the little businessman and the office workers. While some of this material is the work of top-notch professionals, the rest is amateurish padding.

Nobody has been more indefatigable this season than has Mr. Lariar. Another Lariar album entitled **"You've Got Me—And How!"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.95) deals with the subject of marriage, and a more vulgar, witless agglomoration of unpalatable cliches and puerile insults cannot possible be imagined. Typical specimen of husband to wife: "There may be enough liquor in the world to make you seem cute—but *I* can't drink it all." And he is also co-editor, with Ben Roth, of **"Best Cartoons from Abroad, 1955"** (Crown, $2.95) which consists of some of the more simpleminded selections from European sources. There seems to be little sense in importing that with which we are already so liberally supplied by our own domestic market.

Of the one-man offerings Ted Key's **"Hazel Rides Again"** (Dutton, $2.95) is the best. The ideas and the drawings are uniformly high in quality. Richard Taylor has illustrated a new book of boners, this time made up of newspaper and magazine reprints and, aptly entitled **"Nothing Brightens the Garden Like Primrose Pants"** (Hanover House, $1.50). Some of the boners are quite funny and the drawings are, of course, excellent.

A number of well-known cartoonists have turned in perfunctory repeat performances. VIP's new book, **"Hanging Way Over"** (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $1.25) hangs over some awfully familiar ground; **"Marital Blitz"** by the Berenstains (Dutton, $1.95) runs skimpily through the

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1131)
Preston:

(THE) FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

And therefore I, William Bradford
(by the grace of God today
And the franchise of this good people), governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—ye
shall gather with one accord
And hold in the month of November
thanksgiving unto the Lord.

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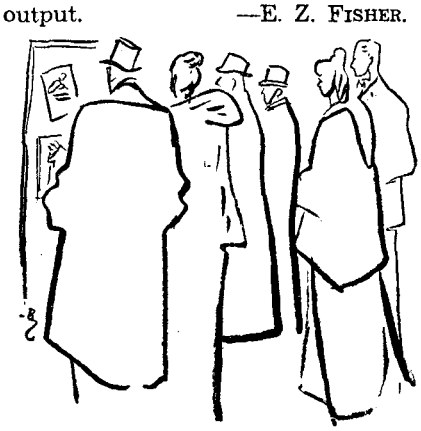
cliches of family life; and **"Heinrich Schnibble and Even More Tales Mein Grossfader Told"** (Rinehart, $1.50) consists primarily of a single, silly, chauvinistic skit about a man whose pidgin-German accent brings out a latent Germanism in everyone to whom he speaks—the performance being repeated twenty-six separate times. Hank Ketcham's **"Dennis the Menace Rides Again"** over the same worn trail (Henry Holt, $1) and who knows but that he may encounter Roger Price at the end of it, for Mr. Price's **"Oodles of Droodles"** (Simon and Schuster, $1) have become about as far-fetched as possible.

As the current offerings go, Abner Dean is much better. In **"Wake Me When It's Over"** (Simon and Schuster, $2.95) he continues to fight the battle of the sexes, this time strictly as a mercenary soldier. The page after page of fine drawings one looks for in a Dean opus have been largely crowded out by a lot of light verse, painstakingly hand-lettered and painsgivingly pseudosophisticated; and the burden of his song seems to be sexual braggadocio. But some of his rhymes (such as "gambling" with "preambling") are intriguing (though more are on the "Cupid, you're stupid" level) and what there is of pictorial matter is expert.

There are, of course, this year as always, the single-topic books for those with special interests, and this season three of these have been published by the Gilbert Press. Chon Day's **"What Price Dory"** ($2.95) has some laughs in it for boat-owners, and **"Marmaduke"** ($1.95) tries to do the same for dog-owners (though the believable situations are few and far between). But **"Clerical Errors"** ($1.95) which, after all, seems to be a rather nice subject for Christmas, is something else again. It is a collection of cartoons which originally appeared singly in *The Church News* of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New Jersey and which, though drawn in old-fashioned style, are intelligent and pleasantly didactic—and a relief from the slick patterns of the commercial output.

—E. Z. Fisher.



DRAMA BOOKS

When looking for a book to give a theatre fan for Christmas this year's donor may notice two trends in what he finds: the unusually large number of old books in new editions, particularly in quality paperbacks, and the bevy of leading ladies toasted by biographers.

Surveying the field in ten arbitrary categories, one finds the largest group is, as usual, the published play. This group includes: **"Six Greek Plays in Modern Translation,"** edited by Dudley Fitts (Dryden Press, $1.95); **"Euripides: Four Tragedies,"** edited by David Grene and Richard Lattimore (The University of Chicago Press, $3.75); **"Five Comedies of Aristophanes,"** edited and translated by Bickley Rodgers (Anchor, 95¢); **"The Portable Elizabethan Reader,"** edited by Hiram Haydn and containing selections from all fields of literature of the period (Viking, $1.25). Those interested in this period may want to combine "The Elizabethan Reader" with Anchor's **"An Elizabethan Song Book,"** edited by Noah Greenberg, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman (at $1.25). Also, **"The Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker, Volume II,"** edited by Fredson Bowers (Cambridge University, $7.50); **"Six Plays of Strindberg,"** in translations by Elizabeth Sprigge (Anchor, $1.25); **"The Portable Chekhov,"** in new or revised translations by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Viking, $1.25); **"Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey,"** introduced by John Gassner and with a foreword by the playwright (Braziller, $5); **"Three Tragedies of Lorca"** in a paperback edition (New Directions, $1.75); **"The Modern Theatre,"** Vols. I, II, III, edited by Eric Bentley (Anchor, 95¢ each Vol.); **"No Exit and Three Other Plays,"** by Jean-Paul Sartre (Vintage, 95¢); **"New Voices in the American Theatre"** with a foreword by Brooks Atkinson (The Modern Library, $1.45); **"Four Plays by S. N. Behrman"** (Random House, $3.75); and **"Six Plays by Rodgers and Hammerstein"** (Random House, $5).

Some of the more than thirty individual plays published are: Aristophanes's **"The Frogs"** in an English translation by Dudley Fitts (Harcourt Brace, $4); Molière's **"The Misanthrope,"** done in English verse by Richard Wilbur (Harcourt, Brace $5); Henrik Ibsen's **"Hedda Gabler"** and his **"The Master Builder"** with prefaces and new translations by Eva Le Gallienne (New York University Press, $2.50 each); Sean O'Casey's **"The Bishop's Bonfire"** (his most recent work), which could be combined as a gift with the aforementioned anthology of selected plays (Macmil-

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lan, $3); the late Paul Claudel's **"The Satin Slipper,"** translated by the Rev. Father John O'Connor (Sheed and Ward, $3.50); **"The Face of Violence,"** a radio play by J. Bronowski which is preceded by a fascinating analysis of the reasons audiences have for needing violence in their plays (Braziller, $2.75); **"The Gospel Witch,"** an original play by Lyon Phelps covering some of the same events that were in "The Crucible" (Harvard University Press, $2.75); and Randolph Goodman's pageant **"I Walt Whitman"** (The Library Associates of Brooklyn College, $2.50).

THE next largest field is biography, where there are at least fifteen titles: **"Laurette,"** written by Marguerite Courtney, daughter of Laurette Taylor, and including photographs of that incandescent and great actress (Rinehart, $5); **"Me and Kit,"** Guthrie McClintic's account of his career before and after his marriage to Katharine Cornell (Little, Brown, $5); **"Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A,"** producer Richard A's reminiscences of that badly missed actress (Greystone, $4.95); **"Memories,"** Ethel Barrymore's autobiography (Harper, $4); **"Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre,"** Archie Binn's definitive biography of an actress who was a major figure in our theatre over an extraordinary span of years (Crown, $5). Going back to another actress who died six years after Mrs. Fiske was born Eric Wollencott Barnes describes the life and the theatre of Anna Cora Mowatt in **"The Lady of Fashion"** (Scribner, $4.75).

The number of general histories of the theatre runs to about ten: **"The Living Stage,"** by Kenneth MacGowan and William Melnitz, is a history of the theatre illustrated with 250 drawings (Prentice-Hall, $8). George Freedley and John A. Reeves have revised and augmented their standard **"A History of the Theater"** (Crown, $6). Relating only to America is Richard Moody's **"America Takes the Stage,"** a volume which covers with text and illustrations the period from 1750 to 1900 (Indiana University Press, $5). From abroad come Hardin Craig's scholarly **"English Religious Drama of the Middle Ages"**; Volume IV of Allardyce Nicoll's expanded and revised **"A History of the English Drama 1660-1900,"** which covers the early nineteenth century (Cambridge University Press, $10); William Smith Clark's **"The Early Irish Stage,"** which deals with the Irish stage from its fifteenth-century beginnings to 1720 (Oxford University Press, $4.80); George Speaight's **"The History of the English Puppet Theatre"** (John de Graff, $5.50), **"Fo-**

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lies Bergere," written by its owner-manager Paul Derval and illustrated with photos of the stars and nudes of the eighty-six-year-old Paris institution (Dutton, $3.95); and finally a lower-priced edition of Jean-Louis Barrault's **"Reflections on the Theatre,"** which tells us a great deal about the contemporary Paris stage on its highest level (Macmillan, $2.50).

Partly theatrical history, but in the form of essays, are such works as Gilbert Norwood's **"Essays on Euripidean Drama"** (University of California Press, $5); **"Tragicomedy—Its Origin and Development in Italy, France and England,"** by Marvin T. Herrick (University of Illinois Press, $5); **"The Problem of John Ford,"** by H. J. Oliver (Cambridge University Press, $4.50); **"The Tragic Satire of John Webster,"** by Travis Bogard (University of California Press, $3.50); and **"English Stage Comedy,"** which is a collection of essays by various writers on Shakespeare, Jonson, the Restoration dramatists, Shaw, and T. S. Eliot (Columbia University Press, $3.50).

OF THE books dealing with playwrights Shakespeare, as usual—and properly so—is the most fully covered. Derek Traversi has analyzed four of the final plays in **"Shakespeare, The Last Phase"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.75). G. Wilson Knight has applied himself to the sonnets in **"The Mutual Flame"** (Macmillan, $3.75). A little less formidable are Roger Wood and Mary Clarke's **"Shakespeare at the Old Vic,"** which presents 120 action photographs of the first of five seasons in which the Old Vic will present all of Shakespeare's plays (Macmillan, $3.50); **"Shakespeare Survey 8,"** which rounds up Shakespearean commentary during the past year with particular emphasis on the comedies (Cambridge University, $3.75); **"Talking of Shakespeare,"** a collection of twelve scholarly essays delivered in the past six years at Stratford (Theatre Arts, $5); and Calvin Hoffman's interesting conjecture that Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays, for which he presents his evidence in **"The Murder of the Man Who Was Shakespeare"** (Messner, $3.95).

Also on the subject of Shakespeare, three new editions of Shakespeare books are now available. Eric Partridge's **"Shakespeare's Bawdy,"** which has long been the most sought-after out-of-print book on the subject, is a must in any Shakespeare library (Dutton, $5). **"Shakespeare Without Tears,"** by Margaret Webster, presents that famous director's point of view about Shakespeare in a revised and enlarged edition (Crown, $4.50); and A. C. Bradley's **"Shakespearean Tragedy"** is now out in a paper binding (Meridian, $1.35).

George Bernard Shaw always seems to run second to Shakespeare (although more Shaw books have appeared in the five years following his death than ones about Shakespeare in the five years following his). Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson have put together the **"Theatrical Companion to G. B. Shaw,"** which is a pictorial record of the first performances of Shaw's plays plus synopses, cast lists, and other notes (Pitman,

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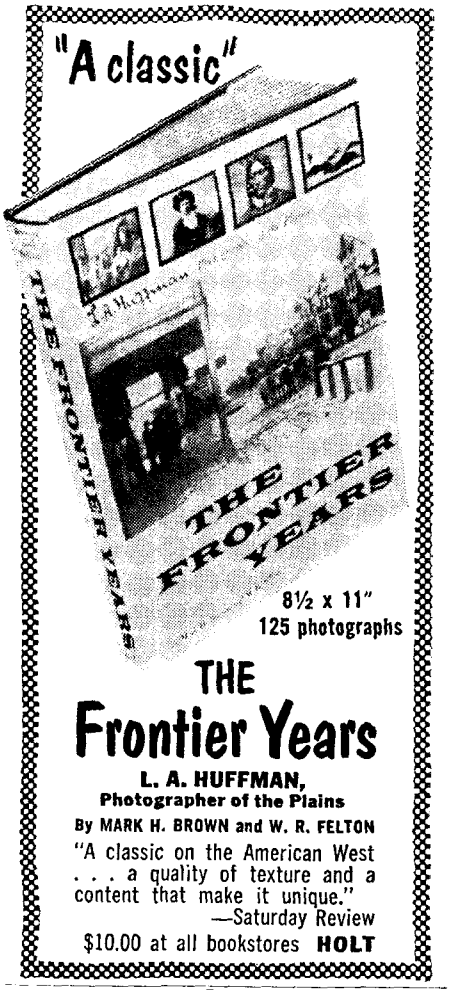
1. "Peter Ibbetson"
2. "A Man Called Peter"
3. "The Honorable Peter Stirling"
4. "The Return of Peter Grimm"
5. "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man"
6. "Simon Called Peter"
7. "Joan and Peter"
8. "Peter Whiffle"
9. "Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk"
10. "Peter Pan"
11. "Peter Kindred"
12. "Peter Quince at the Clavier"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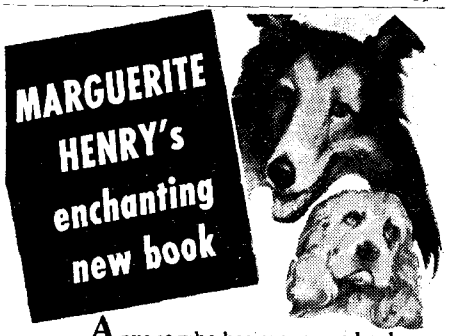

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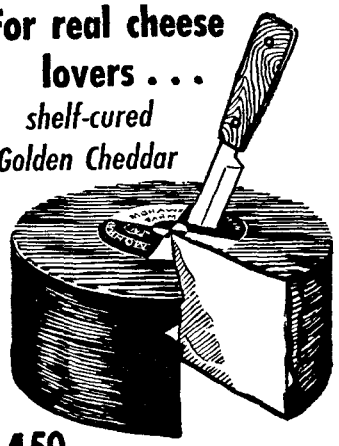

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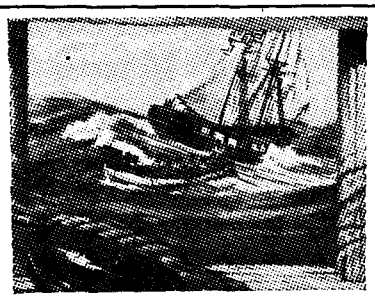

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$9). Dr. E. J. West has edited and introduced **"Advice to a Young Critic and Other Letters,"** by Bernard Shaw, with the young critic being the late Reginald Golding Bright (Crown, $3); and there is a selection of Shaw's music criticism made by Eric Bentley (Anchor, 95¢).

For Chekhov fans Lillian Hellman has put together the most interesting of the great playwright's letters as translated by Sidonie K. Lederer (Farrar, Straus and Young, $4); and David Magarshack's **"Chekhov: a Life"** has appeared in a cheaper paperbound edition (Grove Press, $1.45).

Drama critics, who usually account for a large portion of theatre books, have been more silent than usual this year. Louis Kronenberger has confined himself to one book, **"The Republic of Letters"** (Knopf, $3.75). Walter Kerr has supplemented the brilliant writing and perception that have made his daily reviews in the *New York Herald Tribune* necessary reading with a book on the state of American drama called **"How Not to Write a Play"** (Simon and Schuster, $3.50). Britain's young Kenneth Tynan has stepped away from Shaftesbury Avenue long enough to write **"Bull Fever,"** which explains the rituals of bullfighting and how he became an *aficionado* after seeing only seven corridas (Harper, $5). Desmond MacCarthy's **"Theatre"** is a group of his best essays. Stark Young has likewise put together a number of his superb dramatic essays in a revised edition of **"'The Flower in the Drama' and 'Glamour'"** (Scribners, $3). And for those who like psychological analyses of plays Dr. W. David Sievers has investigated the American theatre from the psychologist's point of view in **"Freud on Broadway"** (Hermitage House. $5).

Finally, there are the theatre annuals. For America there is **"The Best Plays of 1954-1955"** edited by Louis Kronenberger (Dodd, Mead, $5). For those collecting this series Garrison Sherwood and John Chapman have extended it back another five years in **"The Best Plays of 1894-1899"** (Dodd, Mead, $5). More emphasis is placed on the pictorial element (but with the play casts included) in Daniel Blum's **"Theatre World"** (Greenberg, $5) and in London's **"Theatre World Annual."**

—HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. George du Maurier. 2. Catherine Marshall. 3. Paul Leicester Ford. 4. David Belasco. 5. William Austin. 6. Robert Keable. 7. H. G. Wells. 8. Carl Van Vechten. 9. John Gibson Lockhart. 10. J. M. Barrie. 11. Robert Nathan. 12. Wallace Stevens.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1132

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

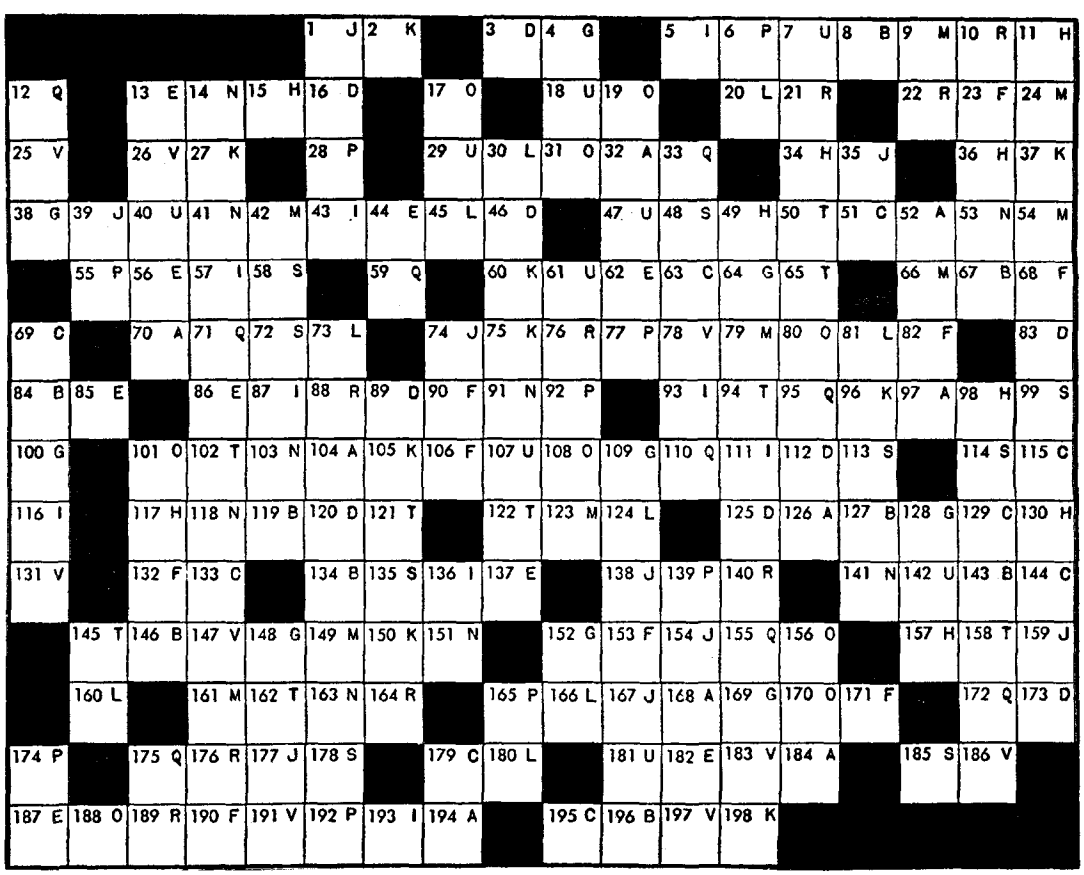
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Irish confessor of Louis XVI, whom he attended on the scaffold (1745-1807).	126 184 194 168 70 104 32 97 52
B. Describing fish with certain small detached fins.	8 67 143 84 119 196 127 134 146
C. Strikingly large; whopping.	133 51 129 179 69 195 63 115 144
D. Morbid propensity to exercise cruelty.	16 46 125 83 173 112 3 120 89
E. Deliver up to a foreign jurisdiction.	86 62 13 44 187 85 56 137 182
F. Where one may find precedents for almost any modern condition (2 wds.).	132 68 153 90 82 190 23 106 171
G. Processes of tying together ends of yarns in pairs, to prevent tangling.	38 109 152 169 128 148 64 100 4
H. Period of history whose beginning is variously dated as Dec. 2, 1942, July 16, 1945, Aug. 6, 1945 (2 wds.).	117 130 34 49 98 36 15 157 11
I. Nudity.	87 136 57 111 116 193 43 5 93
J. Sworn statement in writing made before authorized officer.	154 35 138 1 159 74 177 167 39
K. Not called in question.	96 27 150 37 105 60 2 198 75

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. A collaborating Greek sculptor who decorated Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, 4th cent. B.C.	81 160 20 180 30 73 124 166 45
M. Demolish.	149 42 79 66 54 123 24 9 161
N. What most college seniors become in June.	118 53 103 14 91 141 41 163 151
O. Chimney corner.	17 188 108 170 101 80 19 31 156
P. Female slave in a Turkish harem.	139 174 28 55 192 92 165 6 77
Q. Certain cross, esp. in figure of swastika.	175 172 33 110 59 12 71 95 155
R. Manufactured product, the leading use for certain U.S. cereal (2 wds.).	140 21 88 22 76 176 10 164 189
S. When the radio sounds the hour (3 wds.).	114 185 113 135 178 72 48 99 58
T. Afterimage.	145 94 158 122 162 65 50 102 121
U. Princes of Moldavia and Walachia, as vassals of the Sultan.	181 142 29 7 61 18 107 40 47
V. Where they add calf's-foot jelly to a hot punch.	131 186 147 25 197 191 26 78 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 60 of this issue.

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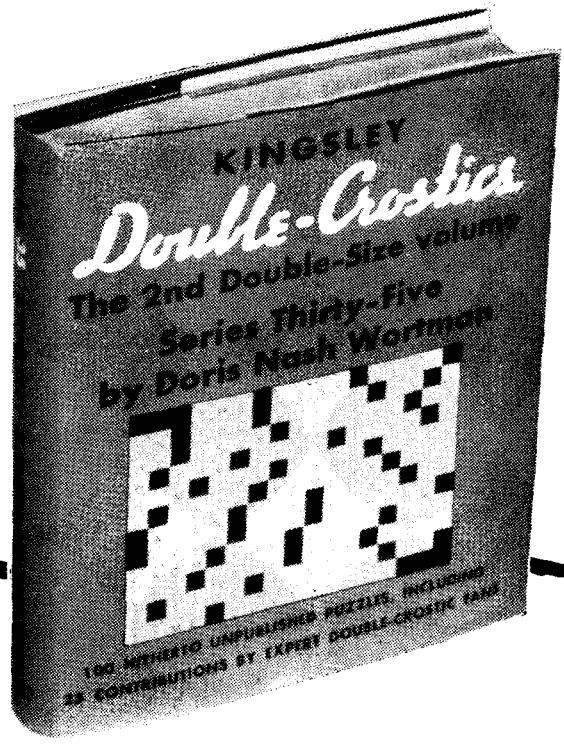

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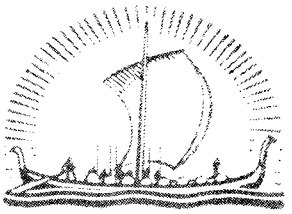

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